

The TATLER

and **BYSTANDER**

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London
November 4, 1942



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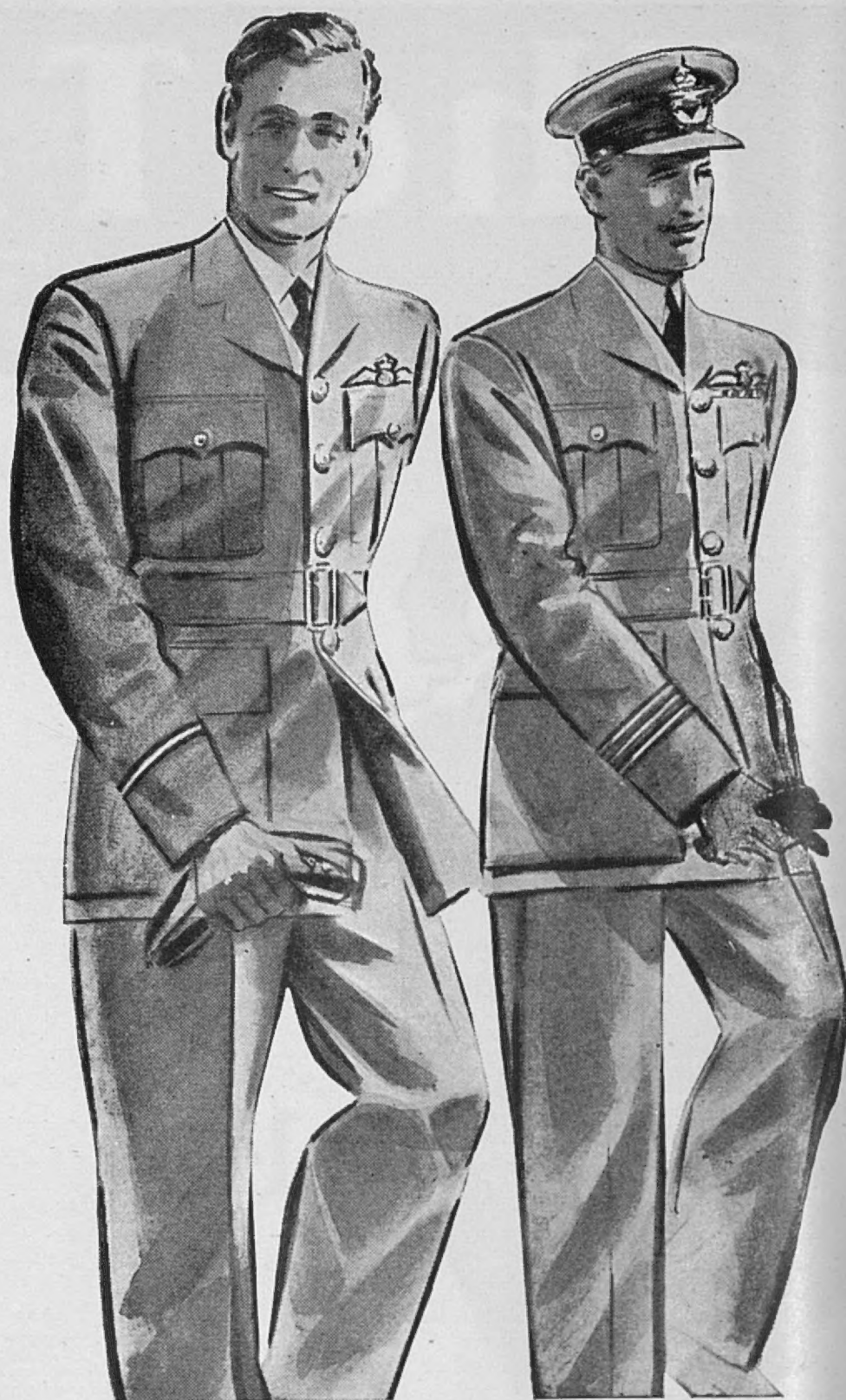
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Photographs by Studio Lisa

Stirrup Pump Practice at Windsor

Fire drill is taken seriously in the royal homes and regular practices are held. The King and the Princesses together form a stirrup-pump team of three, each equally competent in any one of the essential positions, while the Queen is ready to play her part at a moment's notice should occasion make this necessary. These pictures were taken beside the private swimming pool belonging to the Princesses in the lovely grounds of Royal Lodge



"Bundles" President in London

Mrs. Robert W. Bingham, president of the "Bundles for Britain" organisation in the U.S.A., visited Westminster Hospital, to see how some of the bundles are being used. With her were Mrs. Logan Wright and the Dowager Lady Harcourt



Founder of the A.R.P.

Seven years ago as Assistant Under-Secretary of State, Home Office, in charge of Air Raid Precautions, Wing-Cdr. E. J. Hodsoll founded our A.R.P. Services. Now, at the age of forty-seven, he is Inspector-General of Civil Defence



Air Vice-Marshal's Wife

Mrs. Coningham, wife of Air Vice-Marshal Arthur Coningham, A.O.C.-in-C., Egypt, is secretary to the King George and Queen Elizabeth Victoria League Club for Dominion soldiers. She is seen showing Sergeant J. Williams, of Manitoba, a map of London



WAY OF THE WAR

By "Foresight"

Aggressiveness With Caution

BOTH General Alexander and General Montgomery have been praised for their aggressive characters. Attack is said to be their watchword. But the renewed battle for Libya which is now taking shape shows that they have another quality. This is caution. Cautiously and carefully they have organised their forces for this attack in weight. The massed weight of British strength has been moved against Rommel. Our armed strength is concentrated to smash him and the Afrikakorps. This is the main object. Clearly neither General Alexander nor General Montgomery would be very happy if Rommel found it possible to escape. They don't want to chase him over the desert. They want to smash him where he stands. Hence the combination of our land and air power, the massing of artillery and the concentration of our tank strength. This is the seventh round in the battle for Libya. It is the most important round, for everything we have got in Egypt has been organised for this carefully planned offensive. Studying the opening phases of the battle and the careful way General Montgomery has brought his weight to bear on the enemy, we are justified in expressing our quiet confidence. Those who have lately been in the desert in contact with the men concerned are certainly confident. Much rests on the results that can be achieved in the very near future. Obviously, the resumption of the battle in Libya is the opening of the offensive phase referred to by General Smuts; it will not and cannot be confined to Libya. There cannot be one blow, however mortal, sufficient to make the Axis rock. There must be several blows, aimed simultaneously, or in rapid succession. If I heard General Smuts's speech aright, this is what he expects and meant to convey.

Empire Junction

GENERAL MONTGOMERY's battle is vital for Egypt and the British Empire. It remains as true as ever that the Suez Canal is the jugular vein of the British Empire. This is the Empire about which Americans are hearing so much from their politicians. It is time that we told the Americans the facts about the British Empire, and what this association of old and growing countries, of youth, age, and tradition has meant and will mean to the world. There's so much tommy rot being talked about it in the United States that we should not be ashamed, here and now, to launch a campaign of propaganda to educate ourselves as well as the Americans. The British Empire has nothing to be ashamed of. From the earliest days of its conception it has marched slowly forward. If it had not progressed and kept ahead of events surely it would have collapsed. If it had not been worthy of its ideals it could not have withstood those early and terrible blows delivered against it by the Axis Powers. But we have been remiss about the British Empire. We have accepted it, and now that in the United States it is a topic—probably a political platform—we are inclined to be angry.

Charter of Freedom

I WONDER if the people of the United States ever heard about the Statute of Westminster. This gave countries of the British Common-

wealth freedom to do what they wished. When the war came only one member of the British Commonwealth failed to stand in with the Mother Country. This was Eire, in which the people of the United States are said to take so much interest. Of course, many people of the United States heard of the Ottawa Conference, that great imperial gathering held outside the capital of the Mother Country for the first time. In the United States there was some annoyance because the people of the British Empire were advancing, progressing naturally along the course they themselves desired. This war has proved the strength of the British Empire and the character of the institutions on which it is based. Even those Socialists who, in the early days of their political power, refused to allow the boys—and the girls—who are now fighting for us to celebrate Empire Day and salute the Union Jack in the playgrounds of their schools, now realise the importance of the British Commonwealth. Their appreciation will continue to grow, it is hoped, for Soviet Russia has shown the world that it also believes in Imperialism. So do many important people in the United States. Why should we surrender an ideal of freedom because a few people are able to pick holes in it? Of course, it is a fact that in the late 'twenties Mayor Thompson, of Chicago, fought and won a municipal election on nothing more than repeated attacks on the late King George V.

Mr. Wendell Willkie

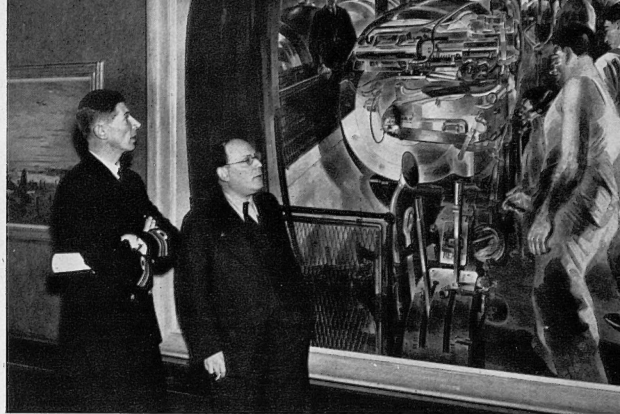
"THERE'S not a controversy in a car load of speeches" was the aptly turned advertising slogan used by President Roosevelt in replying to Mr. Wendell Willkie's latest broadcast to the people of America after his tour of the Middle East, Soviet Russia and China. Indeed, after carefully reading Mr. Willkie's speech I doubt whether anybody could complain. Mr. Willkie is an honest man, obviously an impressionable man, a man who has turned from big business to politics. He is a man of imagination, and such a tour as he has undertaken in time of war has left many impressions on him. They're all good impressions. Nobody would ever say that the world is perfect, or that the democratic way of fighting the war is perfect. But when Mr. Willkie says it, people are inclined to think it is all new. In the United States a man can get up without any political or administrative experience and make his bid for the Presidency. It does not matter whether he has had less political experience than an unpaid whip in the House of Commons, his words are regarded as those of a statesman.

Different Systems

IN this country men are made and moulded in the arts of statesmanship by long and bitter experience. They learn that things can never be perfect and that the opposition can never be satisfied. Therefore they are taught to strive their utmost. This is a big difference between the democratic systems of Britain and the United States. It is a difference which must be taken into account when reading Mr. Willkie's speeches. He has proved himself to be a remarkable man. Instead of disappearing after his defeat in the Presidential elections he persists in pursuing his political course. He must be a man of deep faith. We must welcome him as such. All good and strong



Captain Richard Eurich, A.R.A., official war artist to the Admiralty, is seen here with his picture, "The Raid on Vaagsö," exhibited in the latest war pictures exhibition. Captain Eurich has another oil painting in the show, of "A Destroyer Rescuing Survivors"



This fine picture of a "Fifteen-inch Gun Turret, H.M.S. Repulse," is the work of Mr. Barnett Freedman, seen beside his canvas. With the artist is Lieutenant-Commander David Williams, who was in charge of this part of the ship. Barnett Freedman was official war artist to the British Expeditionary Force in 1940

Two Interesting Paintings in the New War Pictures Exhibition at the National Gallery

men are for the future, no matter from which country they come. In his broadcast Mr. Willkie was caustic. He spent an unnecessary time in trying to impress the people of the United States with their responsibility for the situation in India, and he also had something to say about the problem of colonies. But surely these matters were only thrown into the scale in order to tell the people of the United States that their great industries were not producing war machines in anything like the astronomical quantities we, as well as the Americans, have been taught to expect. Obviously, Mr. Willkie, the impressionist, heard many home truths during his tour, and his imagination was hurt. On the question of colonies I forecast last week that Sir George Gater's visit to Washington will produce important results. Mr. Willkie is a politician; probably he knew this as well.

Social Security

IN the near future there will be issued a report of a committee over which Sir William Beveridge has been presiding. This Committee will make recommendations for the future social security of all the people in this country.

Sir William and his Committee have been working for sixteen months on this new charter of civilisation. It promises to be a remarkable document. Obviously it will not be without its controversial aspects. It is equally obvious that all Sir William Beveridge's recommendations will not be accepted and put into force at once. But it is a new starting point; it is a recognition of the place and the future of men and women. This country has always been in the van of human progress. No country is so advanced in social services. No country could have maintained and improved those services in wartime as we have done. I suppose that some of the Left Wing intellectuals in other countries will see in this a new aspect of British imperialism. But then they don't know Sir William Beveridge, nor the political forces at work in this country. They are never still.

Parliamentary Recess

PARLIAMENT is in recess once more, and the Government are preparing their programme for the new session. The recess will not last long, and then Members will return to Westminster for the prorogation and the opening of the new session with the King's speech.

High up in the Government's programme is a plan for far-reaching educational reforms which have been prepared by Mr. R. A. Butler, the Minister of Education. These proposals will be shaped into legislation in the months ahead. Other legislative proposals will be put forward, and the session promises to be active in all respects. The first days of the new session will be taken up by debates on the progress of the war, which will include a comprehensive review by the Prime Minister. He will suggest to Members that in view of the amount of work awaiting Parliament, both Houses should sit on four days a week instead of three. This will receive general approval.

Active Guest

MRS. ROOSEVELT continues her ceaseless quest for information about the British war effort. No visitor from the United States has ever probed so deeply into our affairs. She has talked to all manner of people in every walk of life as she has moved around demonstrating a ready understanding and an unquenchable faith in humanity. We can say, with the American soldiers who are our more permanent guests, "It has been grand seeing you, Eleanor."



General Smuts at South Africa House

While visiting South Africa House, General Smuts held a conversation with Squadron Leader J. D. Nettleton, V.C., R.A.F., and his wife, who is an Assistant Section Officer in the W.A.A.F. After seeing the work of the South African Voluntary Service and the Red Cross Section, the General spoke to members of the South African Forces at a coffee party



Lord Moyne Stays with Mr. Casey in Cairo

Lord Moyne was recently appointed Deputy Minister in the Middle East, and went to Cairo early in October. On his arrival he was the guest of Mr. R. G. Casey, Minister of State in the Middle East. Lord Moyne was formerly Secretary of State for the Colonies and Leader of the House of Lords

MYSELF AT THE PICTURES

Fox and Geese

By James Agate

ONE can imagine 20th Century-Fox saying something like this: "You have now for some considerable time been seeing films dealing with brutal crimes portrayed by creatures even less than sub-human; you have been fed on this diet until you are now arrived at a state which might be described as fed up. Good. We now give you an entirely different diet. You will see, and we hope enjoy, a simple play about simple people, the hero a lovable simpleton, the heroine simply charming, and less admirable characters just simple adventurers and what you might call single-crossers; in any case, miles and miles away from your gangsters and your gaol-birds and your murderers. Ladies and gentlemen, we present to you *The Magnificent Dope*, and we hope you will like it."

WE do, we do, good Mr. 20th Century-Fox; we find it to be that rare thing, a really witty comedy, with plenty of good non-underlined pathos to boot. An excellent, kindly satire against those go-getters, hustlers and bustlers who have lent such an unpleasant and disturbing colour to American commercial life. The story unfolded to us at the Odeon is, as Mr. Fox might point out, simple enough; indeed some people, thirsting for the involutions and convolutions of the average crook film, might dismiss it as threadbare. It is an entirely artless tale of a naïve creature à la Mr. Deeds. This time he hails from the State of Vermont, winning a prize in a publicity campaign inaugurated by the Dawson "Success" Institute in New York to discover the perfect failure for the Institute to convert, after a course of lessons, into the perfect success.

BUT the young man doesn't want to be any sort of success; he is quite content to remain

a keeper of row-boats in his native village, and has only tried to win the prize money to buy a fire engine for his home town. But fate intervenes in the person of delightful Lynn Bari, he falls in love, he pretends there is Another, she pretends there is not Another, being all the time engaged to the humbugging head of the Institute, and of course secretly in love with the simple young man. Well, you have seen all this before, and you know at once that all will come right in the end, that Simple Simon will declare his love, will be accepted, and the nasty boss of the Institute will receive the order of the boot. Very simple, and very soothing. Did I say that this film is witty. It is. And never wittier than when, at the end, the Go-getting Institute turns into a School for Indolence.

HENRY FONDA who plays the bucolic swain, has enough charm to staff ten Institutes, in spite of the fact that he is not, to put it mildly, reminiscent of any particularly celebrated example of Adonis or Apollo. But he has a smile which must be worth a fortune to him and Hollywood, and he has comedy, and an honest-to-goodness technique which has long endeared him to millions of cinema fans. Then we have that experienced actor Don Ameche as the boss, whose untiring facial and corporeal athletics are always a joy to watch. But why does he *bellow* throughout? Apart from these three major parts, there is little for the others to do, and the geniality and fine speaking voice of Edward Everett Horton are wasted on the small part of Don Ameche's business partner.

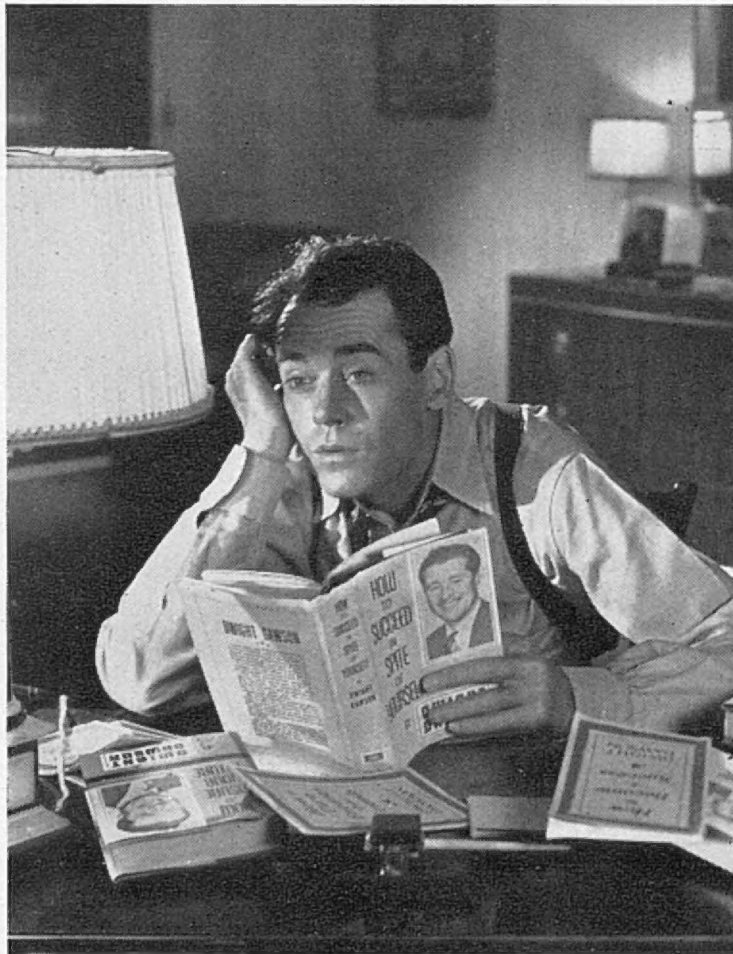
About the British film, *Went the Day Well?* I am inclined to be less enthusiastic. This is one of those now fashionable patriotic spy-dramas enacted in some secluded spot of rural beauty Somewhere in England, after the manner of

Mrs. Miniver. The film is taken from a novel by Graham Greene, and after seeing this very muddled and sometimes incoherent medley of actions and counter-actions, plots and counter-plots, I am fain to believe that, although the films founded on modern books generally turn out to be better than their originals, in this instance the reverse must be the case. Bearing in mind that Mr. Greene is a very fine writer, and like all fine writers plumps for clarity and directness in his presentation of events.

HERE is something which defies analysis that even our trusty friend the Synopsis can do little or nothing to help us. Suffice to say that an English village is invaded by disguised German parachutists, that the leader of the village community is a fifth columnist, that the Germans lock the villagers up in the church, threaten to kill their children, and behave as such horrid people are rightly supposed to behave. Then come endless alarms and excursions: Home Guards, machine guns, tommy guns, shootings and killings galore. Unfortunately the photography is not over-good, and as the Germans are dressed as British troops, it is difficult to know which are on our side and which are on theirs. Then the Germans always talk impeccable English which makes the confusion greater. Always, with the exception of one rather improbable scene in the village inn where several German soldiers count their cards out loud in their native tongue and a voice which can be heard all down the village street; this creates not the slightest wonder in the inn. These improbabilities are endless. For instance, when the village clergyman rings the church bell to denote invasion, the warning finds three Home Guards asleep, while the fourth, who is awake, isn't believed!

IT is a pity about this film because Ealing Studios have engaged a galaxy of stars such as could only be seen at an English theatre on some special gala occasion. These include Leslie Banks (admirable as the fifth columnist), Marie Löhr (the lady of the manor), Frank Lawton, Elizabeth Allan, Muriel George (excellent as the landlady of the inn), Edward Rigby (the old poacher), C. V. France (the clergyman), and many others. But what a pity to have wasted the great talent of Mervyn Johns on a tiny, insignificant, and quite ineffective part. I have the highest admiration for this actor who gave in *Rhonda Roundabout* a lovely study in withdrawal of the spirit, who was the finest Sir John Brute since Garrick, whose versatility has been proved by the performance of such diverse parts as Snug, Ernest Beavers in *Time and the Conways*, and Sir Patrick Cullen in *The Doctor's Dilemma*.

I WISH I had enough space at my disposal to dilate on this astonishing waste of talent and persistent, almost wilful mis-casting of British actors and actresses in British films. Which is a fault Hollywood is seldom, if ever, guilty of. Why, for instance, in the present film, give the part of the commandant of the parachutists to Basil Sydney? He does his best, but he is just not cut out for German commandants. He would play Drake, Frobisher or Raleigh better than any one living, but invest him in the habiliments of a Nazi, and his drama becomes just melodrama. But I know that I am talking to the air. If there is one thing your British film director likes better than casting a bad actor it is mis-casting a good one.



Lessons in How to Succeed in Spite of Yourself are being given at the Odeon

"*The Magnificent Dope*" stars Henry Fonda, Lynn Bari, Don Ameche and Edward Everett Horton. Don Ameche and Horton are co-partners of the Dawson "Success" Institute where graduates acquire an irresistible "success" smile, and the famous Dawson handshake guaranteed to crush the hand of lesser man. Henry Fonda as the "Dope" wins a national contest to find the "perfect failure." He is to be turned into the "perfect success" by Dawsons. His education provides the laughs, with romance in the elegant shape of Lynn Bari. Above, left, are Edward Everett Horton, Don Ameche and Lynn Bari. Right: Henry Fonda studies the Institute's curriculum

Went The Day Well?"

Leslie Banks and Basil Sydney, as Leaders of Fifth Columnists, are Outwitted by Frank Lawton, Valerie Taylor, Marie Lohr and Muriel George, Typical Inhabitants of an English Village



Ortler (Basil Sydney) who finally turns out to be the leader of Nazi parachutists, is introduced by Oliver Wilsford (Leslie Banks), a respected leader of the village community, to the vicar (C. V. France) and his daughter, Nora (Valerie Taylor)



The first suspicion that all is not well is aroused when Mrs. Collins (Muriel George), the village postmistress, finds a telegram she has lost covered with figures written in a foreign way



This suspicion is deepened when Nora (Valerie Taylor) finds chocolate with the stamp "Wien" in one of the soldier's rooms. She shows it to Oliver (Leslie Banks) who treats the matter lightly and tells her not to worry



Oliver (Leslie Banks) is in reality a fifth columnist. Realising the danger of Nora's suspicions, he forces the Nazi parachutists, disguised as R.E.'s, to act immediately. They drive the villagers into the church where they are forced to remain under armed guard



One man, Joe Garbett, the village policeman (Johnny Schofield), escapes from the church. He is followed by Oliver, still pretending to fight with the villagers, who kills him in the graveyard



In order to maintain some pretence of normal life in the village, a few of the people are sent to their homes under guard. The Sturry family, with sailor Tom (Frank Lawton) at home on leave, manage to kill their guard



The manor house becomes the central focus of attack. Here, the enemy plan to set up an apparatus which will disrupt Britain's network of radiolocation. Two land army girls (Elizabeth Allan and Thora Hird) join in the defence



Nora has been deeply in love with Oliver. When she discovers his treachery her love turns to hatred, and to save the villagers, she kills him with her own hands



With the help of an evacuee, George (Harry Fowler), the village is saved. The parachutists are overcome. All they have gained is a few feet of English soil in the graveyard of a tiny country village

The Theatre

By Horace Horsnell

The Little Foxes (Piccadilly)

IN the theatre we may pass quite pleasant evenings with people whose company in life we should at all costs avoid. The foot-lights, like cage bars at the Zoo, serve to neutralise antipathies, disarm prejudice, and encourage us to tolerate, even enjoy, the manners and customs of otherwise discouraging society. So should it have been with our visit to these little foxes that Miss Hellman, author of *Watch on the Rhine*, exhibits with such candour. So might it have been, had the foxes themselves been less inflexibly unfriendly. It wasn't that their bark was worse than their bite—far from it; but that its accents were monotonous. They were Hubbards in name, but not in nature. Their cupboards were by no means bare. But any poor dog that had looked to them for bones would have been unlucky.

There were three of them: Oscar and Ben who were brother foxes, and Regina, their sister, who was some vixen. Their predatory haunts were the cotton district in a southern state of America. They were typical of the new order that had risen from small trade to Big Business by fleecing the negroes who picked the cotton, and by dispossessing the white aristocracy on whose estates the cotton grew.

Regina was married to Horace Giddens, Oscar to Birdie Giddens, who were survivors of the old regime the foxes had dispossessed. With brother Ben, Oscar and Regina were successfully scheming to convert their property into a commercial concern whose dollar yield should be millions instead of thousands. This was in the spring of 1900.

THE scene of the play is the living-room in Horace's ancestral home, of which Regina is the downright mistress. This lamp-lit

interior, with its period appointments and bric-a-brac, has a pleasantly old-fashioned distinction. When the curtain rises, a lively dinner party is in progress in the offing; the two coloured domestics, who open the proceedings in traditional style, are amiable exotics, and we have reason to hope that the ensuing play will be entertaining. So that when Miss Mary Merrill, as Birdie, runs in from the dining-room to fetch an album of views with which to divert the important guest from Chicago, her twittering raptures on his charm and chivalry, though a little mawkish, do not discourage our hopes of a pleasant evening in Old Virginia. But Oscar follows. And if ever there was a wet blanket, it is Oscar. Though he doesn't actually strike Birdie then, he does



Horace Giddens is a dying man. His daughter, Alexandra, is the only one who cares (Ronald Ward, Dulcie Gray)



Cal and Addie are the two negro servants in the Giddens' household (Robert Adams, Connie Smith)



The Oscar Hubbard home is anything but happy. Birdie is a secret drinker, Oscar ill-treats her and Leo, their son, is a degenerate ne'er-do-well (Mary Merrill, Hugh Miller, Richard Attenborough)

Sketches by
Tom Titt



Big brother Ben gets the better of Regina in the end in spite of her malicious scheming (Julien Mitchell, Fay Compton)

so later; and his cruel snubs make it clear that, as a character, he is hardly more engaging than as a husband. So poor Birdie's twitters do not achieve song.

With the assembling of the rest of the party, our expectations begin progressively to cool. The stages by which we passed from hope to ennui were slow but sure. The ancestral charm of the house is not endorsed by its present inmates, whose eye for the main chance is keener than their concern for our delight. Regina, it is true, is superbly gowned, and has the benefit of Miss Fay Compton's clear personality and acting skill. These are no mean assets. But her manner as hostess is as formidable as the after-dinner talk is sticky; and—to one outsider at least—the evening grows steadily tedious.

These little foxes make ponderous whoopee. Birdie and a school-girl niece oblige with a pianoforte duet at which Oscar sneers, while Regina vamps their guest, the Big Business man from Chicago, with provincial aplomb. The big deal which merges their interests and is to make them millionaires, bring Chicago within reach as a

stepping stone to Europe, and make Regina the mistress of every caprice, is completed and toasted with the solemnity of a Vienna Congress. And when the visitor has gone, and the foxes relax, the internecine war that breaks out over the division of the prospective spoils proves—as we have begun to suspect—that the vixen is more deadly than the tod.

IT would be tedious to retrace the steps by which Regina, having recalled her absent husband from his heart cure in Baltimore, tries to wheedle and then bully him into financial submission, mortifies him with adamant sulks, deliberately withholds from him the medicinal drops that alone can ease the fatal pangs of angina, and lets him crawl unaided to the stairs and die like a dog.

Although she thereby imposes the bold terrors of melodrama on the third act of what till then has seemed a bleak synopsis, this stinging infusion is belated. At best, it enables Miss Compton to round off an unflinching study in Regan-and-Gonerilism that might well have made even Medusa envious, and Mr. Ronald Ward, in his sensitive skilful presentation of Horace, to cast gleams of human pathos on the vulpine surround. The other members of the company are loyal to parts that, without advancing our comfort, complete what is a kind of theatrical morality so devoid of relief that the light is barely distinguishable from the shade.



Fay Compton as the Vixen in "The Little Foxes"

John Vickers

It was Fay Compton's performance as Regan, the heartless daughter of King Lear, that first gave rise to the thought that here was the British Regina for a future London presentation of Lillian Hellman's *The Little Foxes*, which at that time was proving most successful on Broadway with Tallulah Bankhead in the principal part. Fay Compton is one of our most versatile actresses. She started her stage career in *The Follies* of 1911, and since then has appeared with equal success in Barrie, Maugham and Coward plays, as principal boy in pantomime and as a very distinguished classical actress in Open Air Theatre programmes. She has played Ophelia to the late John Barrymore's Hamlet, and last appeared in this part in June 1939 with John Gielgud, when the final performance was given at the Lyceum Theatre and the curtain came down for the last time in one of London's most historic theatres. Most recently she was in Noel Coward's *Blithe Spirit*, another H. M. Tennent production, which has now transferred to the Duchess Theatre to make way at the Piccadilly for *The Little Foxes*.

On and Off Duty

A Wartime Chronicle of Town and Country

Mrs. Roosevelt at the Palace

THE two-days' visit of Mrs. Roosevelt to the King and Queen at Buckingham Palace proved an immense success. The President's wife and the Queen have a great deal in common, and there is no doubt that there is a firm and lasting friendship between them that augurs well for the future relationship of Britain and the United States of America.

Mrs. Roosevelt's impetuous energy and vitality were a little startling at first to royal officials, who are accustomed to our more leisurely methods, but she impressed them all by her sincerity and warm friendliness. She was accompanied only by her long-serving and faithful secretary and old friend, Miss Malvina Thompson, and at the luncheon-party to which the heads of nearly all our women's war services and organisations were invited, along with Colonel Oveta Hobby, chief of the U.S. Women's Army Auxiliary Corps, his Majesty was the only man present. It was, I believe, the very first time in Palace history that such a luncheon-party has been held, but it was so very successful that Mrs. Roosevelt left fifteen minutes late for her tour of bombed London in the afternoon.

A little tea-party was given by the Lord Mayor, Sir John Laurie, at the Mansion House to round off this trip, and here Mrs. Roosevelt had a long talk on very serious subjects to that important figure, Sir Montagu Norman. The King, by the way, poured out the tea at this party.

First-Hand News for the President

THE devastated areas of the City and parts of the East End were a real eye-opener to Mrs. Roosevelt, who told the King and Queen that she had had no idea the destruction was so widespread. What she is anxious to take back with her to the States is not only an account of what we have suffered, but also some idea of how we have dealt with the various war problems, especially those affecting women, and for this reason, when the King asked his guest whom she would like to meet at dinner on the second night of her stay, she chose the two men members of the Government who have

most to do with women at war—Lord Woolton and Mr. Ernest Bevin. With them, the President's wife discussed every aspect of rationing and the call-up, and she will certainly be able to give the President a full account of all she has heard, for Mrs. F. D. R. is never content to go about just as a social visitor. With the President's full approval, she acts as an unofficial observer for her husband on all her travels, and he sets great store by her experienced advice.

At the Guards' Chapel

PART—and an important part—of Princess Elizabeth's training is for her to meet outstanding figures of the day, and accordingly the Queen brought her two daughters to town to meet and talk with Mrs. Roosevelt. Princess Elizabeth just now is making a special study of American history, and she had lots of questions to put to the visitor—questions which Mrs. Roosevelt, who is something of an authority on the subject, was delighted to answer.

After the President's wife had said good-bye, the Princesses made one of their very rare public appearances in London, accompanying their parents to church at the Guards' Chapel in Wellington Barracks, where Princess Elizabeth made an inspection—her third—of the Grenadier Guards, the regiment of which she is Colonel.

The Mountbattens' New Home

LADY LOUIS MOUNTBATTEN is finding her present London home in Chester Street just as central as her "nest among the stars" high up in Brook House used to be. In taking Sir Michael Duff Assheton-Smith's house she has exchanged her two-floored eyrie, with its spacious rooms and wonderful views over Hyde Park, for one of those attractive small houses in Belgravia which have always been very popular. When the one-time Miss Diane Chamberlain married Mr. Terence Maxwell they settled down there, and Margaret, Countess of Birkenhead also went to live in that street, where I remember that Constance, Duchess of Westminster had a charming little corner house.



Lord Merrivale's Daughter Marries

The Hon. Elizabeth Duke, daughter of Lord Merrivale and of Mme. Odette Roger, was married at Brompton Oratory to Captain Jean Pompei, Fighting French Air Force. The bride was given away by her father, and General de Gaulle was one of the witnesses.

Another young married couple who settled down in Chester Street after their marriage were the Earl and Countess of Birkenhead, though, like many others, they left for their country home after the outbreak of war. Lady Louis and her husband, however, find that an occasional week-end in the country at Broadlands, the house of famous Palmerston associations, which Lady Louis inherited from her late father, Lord Mount Temple, is as much as they can find time for. Lady Louis is County President for London, has every minute taken up with her Red Cross work. She was in excellent form when she opened the private view of the Red Cross sale in Bond Street, a few days ago, which she did charmingly with her ready gift of fluent and easy speech.

The Senior Service

SERVICE with the "Wrens" is very popular with many girls. The latest of whom I have heard who is joining them is Lady Doris Gunston's elder one, Hermione. She is just nineteen and going as a volunteer, not waiting till she is called up. Meanwhile, she is enjoying every minute of her last days of freedom in

(Continued on page 138)



A Christening in Kesanli

John Richard Anyatt Leir, second son of Major and Mrs. Peter Leir, was christened at Christ Church, Kesanli, Simla Hills. In this picture are Mrs. Ryan (grandmother), Mrs. Peter Leir and John, Mrs. Storey and David Leir, and behind are Major Wadham (proxy godfather), Mrs. Grafton Lawson, Mrs. Fannon (proxy godmother), Mrs. Wadham and the Rev. A. Cochain



An Irish Christening Party

Pools, Dublin

Jonathan William Patrick Aitken, Flight Lieut. and Mrs. William Aitken's baby son, was christened at St. Patrick's Cathedral, Dublin. Above are Mr. J. D. Craig, the Rt. Rev. Dr. R. K. Hanna, Mrs. Aitken and her son, Sir John and Lady Maffey (grandparents), Mr. I. R. A. W. Weenineck (Dutch Consul-General in Eire), and the Very Rev. D. F. R. Wilson, Dean of St. Patrick's



In the Bow Room at Buckingham Palace: the King and Queen Entertain Mrs. Roosevelt

Cecil Beaton

This picture was taken shortly after Mrs. Roosevelt's arrival in this country. The wife of the President of the United States, who came from America by air, was for two days the guest of the King and Queen at Buckingham Palace. While there she met Princess Elizabeth and Princess Margaret, who told her of their activities as Girl Guides and asked her about the youth movements in the United States. During her stay at the Palace, Mrs. Roosevelt, accompanied by the King and Queen, toured the East End, where the party was cheered by large crowds. Later she visited their Majesties in the country

On and Off Duty

(Continued)

London—for she has passed her medical and will be joining in a few weeks. Her mother has just settled in a new flat in Mount Street, and some of her friends gathered there one afternoon to "house-warm" it for her. The second daughter, Sonia, is still a schoolgirl. Other girls who are in the "Wrens" are Lady Anne Spencer and Lady Elizabeth Scott, who are both at Chatham.

In the Country

I WAS down in that beautiful old village of Denham the other day, and found that Lord and Lady Vansittart are still making their headquarters at their lovely home, Denham Place. They, like a lot of people these days, are sharing their home with two other families, one of these being the Czechoslovak Ambassador and his wife, M. and Mme. Maximilian Lobkowicz. Denham is luckily within very easy reach of London, where Lord and Lady Vansittart have many important engagements to fulfil. Having both been connected with the Diplomatic Corps for so long, they are kept busier than ever these days, with the heads of so many foreign countries in our midst. Robin Barclay, Lady Vansittart's youngest son by her marriage to the late Sir Colville Barclay, at one time our Ambassador in Lisbon, has just bought the most lovely old seventeenth-century house, Hills House, right in the middle of the same village, where his young wife and baby are now living while he is away soldiering. This house has a lovely garden, with a fine collection of flowering shrubs, and is a joy to the young couple, who are both keen gardeners. Sir Colville Barclay, Lady Vansittart's eldest son, is serving with the Navy, in which service he enlisted and went to sea as an "A.B." soon after the outbreak of war! Her second son, Cecil, is following in his father's footsteps and is working at the Foreign Office.

Lady Sybil Rowley and her husband, who has been invalided out of the Air Force, have now settled down in the new home they have bought near Cheltenham. They have both taken up farming seriously, and are working very hard at it. Lady Sybil is not very far from her old home, Madresfield Court, near Worcester, where her brother, the Earl of Beauchamp, and his

Danish-born wife live. Another energetic land-worker is Mrs. Shaw Hamilton, the wife of the commander of our new battleship, H.M.S. Howe. Mrs. Shaw Hamilton took a day off from her full-time duties as a land girl in order to see the battleship towed to the fitting-out basin after it had been launched by the Countess of Athlone.

Homes as Hospitals

THE HON. MRS. JOHN LAKIN has turned her lovely home into a military hospital. She works very hard there herself, looking very neat and nice in her uniform. Mrs. Lakin is one of Lord Cowdray's sisters and was the Hon. Daphne Pearson. Her husband, who was joint M.F.H. of the Warwickshire Hounds up to the outbreak of war, is serving with his regiment in the Middle East. Mrs. Philip Dunne is another who has turned her home into a hospital. Mrs. Frank Arkwright, whose husband was killed serving with the 12th Lancers in Libya this summer, has now taken on the job of secretary for this hospital. She is the only daughter of Colonel and Mrs. Pepys, and has, like Mrs. Dunne, lived in Warwickshire since she was a small child. They both have small children of their own now.

In and Out of Town

A POPULAR young couple who have just returned to London for a time are Mr. Simon and Lady Sylvia Combe. Mr. Combe, who is in the Irish Guards, has got special leave to attend to his business. They have taken a flat in London for a short period to be near his work. Lady Sylvia is the elder daughter of the Earl and Countess of Leicester. Her sister, Lady Mary Harvey, is also married to a soldier. Captain Harvey is in the Scots Guards. In contrast to this, I hear that Mrs. Black, one of the most popular young-marrieds, who lived in London before the war, has gone to live in Scotland, to be near her new husband, who is in a Scotch regiment, and stationed there. They were married this year. Mrs. Black, née Gladys Lowther, was the widow of Captain Charles Fane, of the Coldstream Guards, who was killed while fighting with his regiment in France in 1940. In pre-war days they had one of those nice houses in Wellington Square, where they lived with their two children.

Mrs. Black and her only sister, who was married to a Frenchman and, I hear, is still in France, both lost their husbands in the same week of the war, one fighting in the British Army and the other in the French Army.



To Be Married

The engagement was recently announced of Miss Barbara McNeill, daughter of Mrs. J. Dewar, of Dutton Homestall, East Grinstead, to Captain the Hon. Michael Langhorne Astor, third son of Viscount and Viscountess Astor, of Cliveden, Taplow, Bucks

More Workers for the War Effort

I RAN into Lady Jean Christie the other day, and she tells me she is working on a machine in a factory, like so many young-marrieds these days. Her factory works on the eight-hour-shift scheme, which is so much more sensible for women than the longer shifts. Lady Jean is one of Lord Zetland's three daughters, and married Mr. Henry

(Concluded on page 152)



Sir Thomas and Lady Cook Entertain the Czechoslovak President in London

A reception in honour of the President of the Czech Republic and Mme. Benesh, was held by Sir Thomas Cook, M.P., and Lady Cook. Amongst the guests were General Ingr, Czech Minister of Defence, and Mme. Ingr, seen above with Wing Cdr. N. J. Hulbert, M.P., and Lady Moore



M. Lobkowicz, the Czechoslovak Ambassador, and Mme. Lobkowicz were at the reception, talking to Lady Keyes. The host, Sir Thomas Cook, is the Conservative Member of Parliament for North Norfolk, and became Liaison Officer to the Allied Forces last year



Group Captain John Peel, D.S.O., D.F.C., a graduate from the R.A.F. College, Cranwell, has served in single-seater fighter squadrons both at home and with the Fleet Air Arm. For a time Adjutant of a fighter squadron and of the R.A.F. College, he later commanded the squadron which opened the Battle of Britain by shooting down twenty-one enemy aircraft on August 8th, 1940. He became the leader of a fighter wing, and now commands an important fighter section station



Wing Commander Donald Randell Evans, D.F.C., received his award last July. He has done a very large number of night-flying hours, and on one occasion showed great resource and skilful airmanship in landing his aircraft safely near the coast when one of the engines was out of action. Born at Richmond in 1912, and educated at Wellington College, he was commissioned in 1932. An expert in his particular line, and leader of a special night-interception unit, he is now engaged in special duties at Group Headquarters

Four British Fighter-Pilots : By Olive Snell



Wing Commander the Hon. Max Aitken, D.S.O., D.F.C., Lord Beaverbrook's elder son, joined the A.A.F. before the war. He fought with the County of London Squadron over Dunkirk, winning the D.F.C., and later commanded the squadron during the Battle of Britain. He is now in command of a night-fighter squadron, and recently received the D.S.O. for his fine leadership and was awarded the Czech War Cross for his success in night-flying operations. He has himself destroyed twelve enemy aircraft



Wing Commander R. M. B. Duke-Woolley, D.F.C. and Bar, known as "The Dook," is the leader of one of the R.A.F.'s most famous fighter wings, and has been a member of the R.A.F. since 1937, after two years at Cranwell. He has seven enemy aircraft to his credit, some of them night bombers, and has been on very nearly one hundred major operations over enemy-occupied territory. W/Cdr. Duke-Woolley married Miss Jocelyn Garnett, a cousin of David Garnett, the novelist, in 1939, and they have a daughter two years old



Louis, cloakroom attendant at The Club Petite, has won a fortune in a sweepstake. He visits his old friends to tell them of his luck. "Every Day a Holiday" the company sing in congratulation. With Louis (Arthur Riscoe; centre) is Inga Andersen as Vi Hennessy



Louis, doped by mistake, dreams he is Louis XV. One of his Ladies (Inga Andersen) produces three lovelies for his Majesty's experienced inspection

(Right) Even in his dream, Jenny (now none other than the du Barry) evades him. She has a lover, Alexandre (Bruce Trent)

Du Barry Was a Lady has proved one of the outstanding musical successes on Broadway since the outbreak of war. Louis Blore (Arthur Riscoe), cloakroom attendant in a modern New York night club, swallows a doped drink and dreams that he is Louis XV. of France and that his idolised Jenny (Frances Day), star of the cabaret at The Club Petite, is none other than the famous Madame du Barry. In his dream the night-club habitués are transported to the elegance of the Court of Versailles. With Frances Day and Arthur Riscoe are Jackie Hunter, Inga Andersen and Bruce Trent. Richard Bird produced and Clifford Pember designed the decor



Jones, the Club manager (Charles Stone), begs Louis to train the new man, Charley (Jackie Hunter), in his cloakroom duties before leaving. Charley looks anything but promising, but turns out to have unexpected talents

"Du Barry Was a Lady"

Cole Porter Music and Lyrics Find Their Inspiration in a New York Night Club and Eighteenth-Century Versailles

Photographs by Basil Shackleton



Charley initiates Louis into the art of doping drink. Louis decides to try it on Alex, a newspaper man (Bruce Trent), who is planning to take Jenny, star of the Club's cabaret and Louis's most cherished idol (Frances Day), out to supper



Thorn in his father's side and constant irritation, is the Dauphin, the boy whose vicious mischievousness refuses to recognise the dignity of his position (Arthur Riscoe, Jackie Hunter)

From Versailles to the South Seas is but the raising of a curtain. Frances Day sings one of the hit numbers of the show, a typical Cole Porter at his best, "Katie Went to Haiti"



Louis, gorgeous in his kingly costume, is determined to stand no more nonsense from the du Barry. He tells her he expects the fulfillment of her promises that night (Arthur Riscoe, Frances Day)

Finally, back in the Club Petite, Louis, recovered from his long sleep, rejoins his friends. His fortune has disappeared, but his friends remain. Jackie Hunter, Inga Andersen, Bruce Trent, Frances Day, Arthur Riscoe drink to "Friendship"



Standing By ...

One Thing and Another

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

THAT sound old Whitehall maxim, "When in doubt, requisition something" evidently explains the recent taking over of the Carlton for a Government Department.

Ghastly as all requisitioned hotels are (which may explain some of Vichy's vagaries) some are worse than others. We faintly remember a midnight visit to the Cecil in the last war when the R.F.C. had it. That enormous, sonorous cavern of the rich was full of huge flickering menacing shadows, ghosts and kobolds, goblins and trolls, like a German fairytale of the Wartburg. Down endless echoing half-lit corridors doors suddenly opened and grotesque gigantic shadows began waltzing. Doors clanged like tombs far away, deep down. Aerial voices cried in pain and cursed aloud in the murk. A tiny brasshat fled past wailing "Oh, my God!", pursued by demons. The Crillon in Paris after the Armistice ("Vive le Président Veelson!") was pretty ghastly also, especially when the peace boys rolled in from luncheon at Maxim's, leering, congested, swollen with insolence and lust and ready for any devilry. In one room we saw, as a door suddenly opened, a sight probably unique, namely a stout baldish American brasshat of high rank beating his breast in bitter anguish and solitude, probably for his sins. What the Crillon is like to-day we'd rather not imagine, still less the Carlton, where the bureaucrat's glistening, glutinous trail will soon be over all, spelling misery, slavery, and death to all free men.

Rap

By far the best tribute of the critic boys to Marie Tempest, we judge at length after reading most of them, was James ("Boss") Agate's in the *Sunday Times*, for the Boss mixed frankness with his dithyrambs, whereas the other boys merely flattered and adored. With all her grace and charm, that great artist could be as coldly ferocious as a marquise of the Old Régime when annoyed. We saw her once at rehearsal putting a little featherpated actress in her place for being tiresome. Marie-Antoinette never dealt with the Dubarry more consummately. As the poor little creature fluttered away to die great tears came into our eyes and the vast torso of Aubrey Hammond, who sat next to us, quivered with emotion and pity.

Yet the *grande dame* was utterly right. Discipline is what the Island Race lacks, as the children's police-courts amply show. One of the Brothers Wurzle, formerly our village terror, now in the Army, got a sizable packet recently for squaring up to his platoon sergeant on parade. Coming on leave in due course, the frampold hayseed was still indignant and bewildered. Nobody had ever dared to tackle him before, including our village cop; and least of all Wurzle père, a notable ninny. A chastened Wurzle will henceforth watch his step, and Mother England benefits.

Chum

GETTING the Race under the new fish-zoning scheme to eat horse-mackerel, baby shark, and other squamous novelties from the bosom of Ocean will not be easy, we feel. Even the delightful herring has been

under a cloud for years as socially impossible, despite the efforts of West End chefs who can do him in fifteen ways.

Drawing the line firmly ourselves at the *frutti di mare* of Italy, with those sinister horns, bobbles and humps, also at the bouillabaisse of Marseilles, which so many liars pretend to enjoy, we realise that numbers of odd-looking fish remind the Race of its loved ones and are therefore uneatable on sentimental grounds, as those fascinated wistful crowds at the Zoo Aquarium demonstrate. Nor is Browning's wistful cry at Prunier's—

Fish
Must often wish
They looked like chaps,
Perhaps?

—anything but a desperate attempt to sidestep immutable truth. Fish do look like chaps, and often eminent chaps, and as for the big hollow wooden fish used for percussion in Chinese orchestras, no Fleet Street boy could look at one without instinctively removing his hat and expecting instant dismissal. We can never decide which is more attractive in the Island Pan, the fish-motif or that nobler quality, seen at its best at Lord's, which inspired a dainty love-poem you probably know: I never thought that I should see

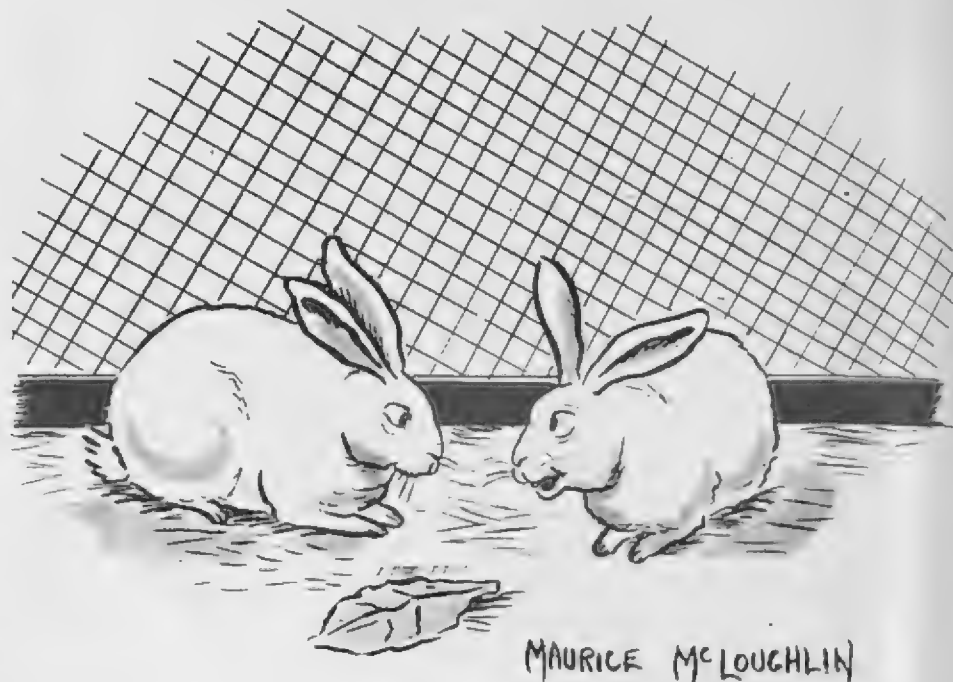
A thing as lovely as a tree,
Until I viewed the ligneous
grace
Of your intensely wooden face

The last time a foreigner exclaimed at the beauty of the Island Dial was in the early Middle Ages, since when Progress has been so steadily improving everything (as the science boys assure us) that nowadays it apparently strikes the beholder numb, dazed, speechless, and cuckoo. All right, then.

Hoopla

TWENTY-ONE votes were cast, as against 29, at a recent Eton debate in favour of the State's imposing its educational

(Concluded on page 147)



MAURICE McLOUGHLIN

"Now, if we make them fond of us they won't want to eat us"



"In 1939 I told the Government we were making tanks, but you're the first people they've sent to see us"



Howard Coster, F.R.S.A.

The First Lord of the Admiralty : Mr. A. V. Alexander

The Rt. Hon. Albert V. Alexander, P.C., C.H., M.P., took charge of the Admiralty when Mr. Churchill formed his Ministry in 1940. He was no newcomer to the post, having previously been First Lord from 1929 to 1931, and one of the most successful Ministers in Mr. Ramsay MacDonald's administration. He first represented the Hillsborough Division of Sheffield in the House of Commons from 1922 to 1931, and was re-elected by the same constituency in 1935. His first Ministerial post was that of Parliamentary Secretary to the Board of Trade in 1924. Mr. Alexander, who was born at Weston-Super-Mare fifty-seven years ago, was for some time a Baptist lay preacher; he has served in the Army, and holds the honorary rank of Captain. He is now one of the most active public speakers in the Government, and although his work often keeps him at his desk till the small hours, he very rarely takes a day off. In a recent speech at the Caxton Hall, on "The War at Sea," the First Lord was able to give encouraging news of U-boat sinkings, and paid a tribute to the work of our own submarines working in conjunction with the R.A.F. and the Fleet Air Arm.

Helpmann's First Ballet, "Comus," is to be Included in the Repertoire of the Sadlers Wells this Season



"The star that bids the shepherd fold
Now the top of heaven doth hold"
The woodland scene is designed for the revelry of Comus's
"rout of monsters, headed like sundry sorts of wild
beasts." Here Comus delivers the first of his two speeches



"I can conduct you, Lady, to a low but loyal cottage
where you may be safe"
Lost in the wood, the Lady (Margot Fonteyn) meets Comus, dis-
guised as a shepherd. He promises to lead her to safety, and falling
under his spell, she follows him into the heart of the forest



"They, so perfect in their misery,
Not once perceive their foul disfigurement,
But boast themselves more comely than before."
Comus embraces two of the sheep-headed ladies of his Court,
the contrast of their rich dresses and coarse masks expressing
their degradation from courtiers into grotesque monsters

In January this year, Robert Helpmann's first ballet, *Comus*, was presented at the New Theatre. Based on Milton's 300-year-old masque, with music by Purcell, arranged by Constant Lambert, the ballet proved an immediate success, establishing Helpmann as a choreographer of quite exceptional talent. Oliver Messel has designed the truly magnificent settings and the superb costumes with an unerring sense of period display. Robert Helpmann plays Comus, giving a vivid, vital and electric display of his art, and in course of the ballet, delivers two of Milton's speeches. Margot Fonteyn is the Lady, Moyra Fraser the Goddess of the River and Margaret Dale the Attendant Spirit. Helpmann is now working on his third ballet (his second was *Hamlet*), which is to be called *The Birds*, with music by Respighi and decor by Chiang Yee. It is hoped that this ballet will be given by the Company towards the end of this month

Photographs by Tunbridge-Sedgwick



"For other arms and other weapons must
Be those that quell the might of hellish charms"
There is only one who can now save the Lady—the Attendant Spirit (Margaret
Dale). Finding the Lady's brothers (David Paltenghi and John Field), she
leads them to Comus's Palace, so that they may save their sister from damnation



"Why are you so vexed, Lady? Why do you frown?"
The Lady is tempted. Comus exerts all his evil charms. His Palace is thrown open to her, his slaves bow down. Only the strength of her maiden's virtue enables the Lady to resist

The Lady is saved by the Attendant Spirit and her brothers. But she is entranced. Sabrina, Goddess of the River (Mayra Fraser), answers the Spirit's summons, and, with her water-nymphs, releases the Lady from Comus's evil spell



"One sip of this will bathe the drooping spirit in delight beyond the bliss of dreams. Be wise and taste"

The Lady is bewitched and bound. Still, she refuses the potion Comus forces to her lips, the "orient liquor in a crystal glass" which will transform her into one of his animal-headed slaves



Robert Helpmann as Comus



*Photographs by
Compton Collier*



Lady Palmer and Her Children

The wife of Sir Anthony Palmer, Bt., was Miss Henrietta Alice Cadogan before her marriage in 1939. Her husband, a Major in the Royal Artillery, was reported missing while on special service in the Middle East, but is believed to be a prisoner. Lady Palmer's father is Commander Francis Charles Cadogan, R.N., of Quenington Old Rectory, Fairford, Gloucestershire, and it was at his home that these pictures were taken. Sir Anthony and Lady Palmer have two children: Antonia Mary, who is two years old, and Charles Mark, who was born last year.

Standing By ...

(Continued)

tyranny on one and all, which shows that, as when Slogger Gray rolled a sombre eye over Eton's distant spires and antique towers—

Some bold adventurers disdain
The limits of their little reign
And unknown regions dare descry . . .

With ringing cheers nowadays, apparently, for the Servile State or Slaves' Utopia which is close upon us, when through every Etonian nose will run a dainty silver ring, with a bureaucrat at the other end of the chain.

Unlike that Oxford motion a few years ago against serving King and country, in which Slogger Joad distinguished himself, this Eton demonstration is not likely to influence Nazi war-policy; it probably demonstrates nothing more formidable than the youthful (and maybe Joadian) urge to be piquant. But it seems to us once more that the reintroduction of hoops at Eton, as in Gray's time, might promote clearer thinking and a greater attachment to freedom. The exercise is innocent and healthy, the banging of stick on wood releases many inhibitions, the incidental fall on the nose promotes humility, harmless competition in skill and speed induces quick decision and singleness of purpose, and the knowledge that the hoop may be whanged without rebuke from some dour senior implants in the youthful breast a glorious sense of unfettered liberty.

Footnote

A CHAP was telling us that if every Cabinet Minister bowled a hoop the notion of liberty would spread and spread and the State dare not impose its bonds. Liberty

could then be made compulsory, he added dreamily.

Foiture

CALIBAN has taken a nice boff on the snout at Ditchling, one of the few undefiled Sussex villages still left. Caliban had a sweet project of building an "estate" of a thousand delicious little villas all over Ditchling. The inhabitants, headed by Brangwyn, R.A., rose as one man and Caliban has loped off, growling, at the order of the Ministry of Works, to lick himself.

Eric Gill, who likewise lived at Ditchling, should be alive to light a candle for this deliverance. It's probably Ditchling's worst alarm since the natives heard the Roman armour clanking at night as the legionaries filed down that still-existent sunken road from their camp on the high windy Beacon to quell the stubborn Weald. But the Romans didn't resemble apes in bowler hats, and what they built was good. If that Roman villa under the Downs at Bignor, a few miles away, were carefully restored, it would turn out to be a long, low, white, colonnaded mansion fitting into that fold of the hills with perfect grace, meet for civilised man to live in. The Romans left these islands too soon, alas.

Gift

WHAT Caliban is doing now, apart from hunting fleas, is probably prying out a weak spot in the defence, in the Nazi manner. London seems a honey, judging by those ferro-concrete barracks at Hyde Park illustrated recently as a glimpse of the London of the Future. It was a tactical mistake for Caliban to start on a civilised community like Ditchling, and the new Adelphi ought to cheer him up considerably. Those metropolitan smart-licks will stand for anything, the poor dubs.

Oracle

JUST spinach and poodle-pie, a recent dictum by one of those "leading psychologists" seemed to your servant. Announcing that the national temper is on the whole extremely even, this Harley Street bonze proceeded to argue smoothly that to fly into sudden rages connotes fundamental weakness or fear; an argument typical of that street of brabbling sophisters.

That Elizabethan tough, Sir Richard Grenville, who used to snatch glass goblets and chew them to pieces in his recurring furies;



A case of the sub-conscious

the great Ney, *brave des braves*, who was seen at dusk on the field of Waterloo, ragged, black with powder, after five horses had been killed under him in a dozen charges, beating an English cannon madly with his broken sword and roaring and cursing and weeping with rage like an Old Roedean hockey goalkeeper who has just let the winning goal through; Catharine de Médici, abusing her gunners like a fishwife at Rouen under a hail of English arquebus and cannon fire; stout Dr. Johnson, who feared nothing and nobody, tossing a chap who had sneaked his seat in the Lichfield theatre from the stage-side into the pit, chair and all, bellowing like a bull—Lord, one could go on quoting such cases for ever. We know a tiny Big Business Napoleon of to-day who has been seen to hurl restaurant dishes on the carpet when he did not like them, causing widespread terror. Fundamental fear or weakness, huh?

Sanctions

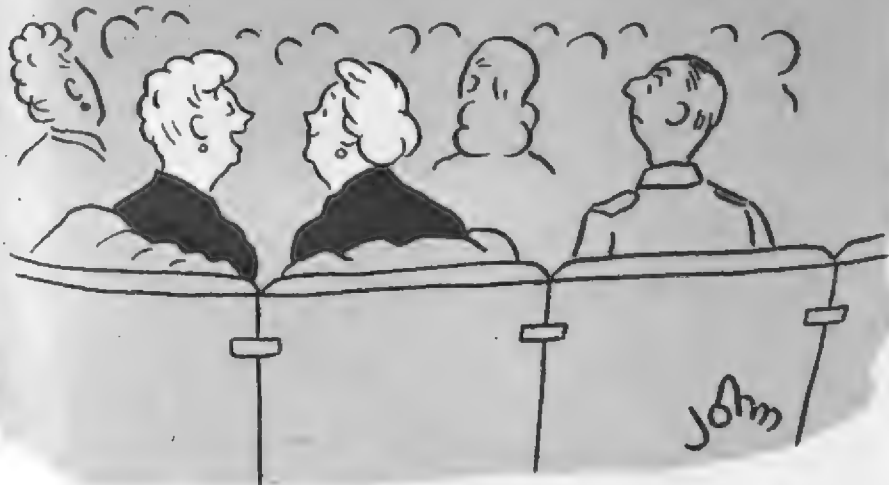
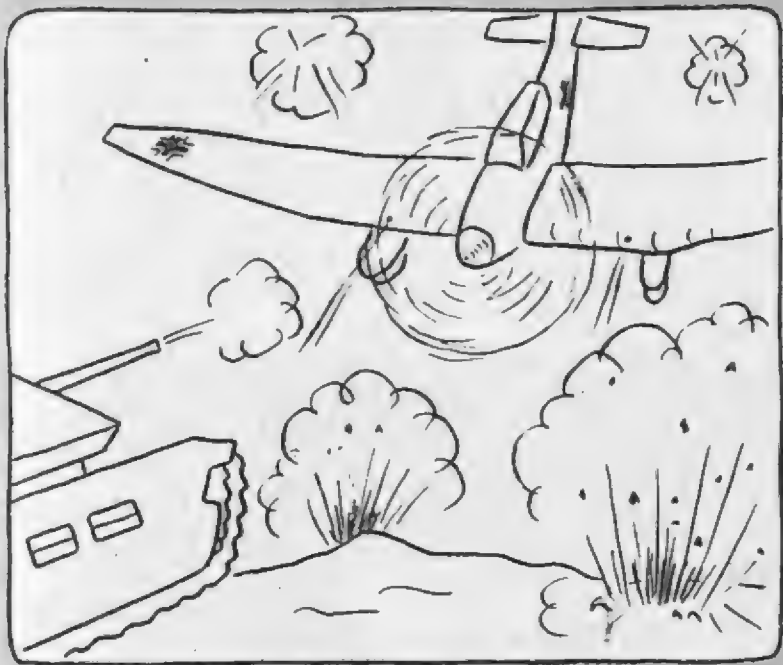
THERE are not sufficient buckets in the ironmongery trade to put the noggins of Harley Street's empirics into," we wrote one day when we were "Toto" of *The Lancet*. For stating that simple truth we were fired.

Crack

LOVING all the leader-writer boys' clichés as we do, we were delighted to find Hamlet's "caviare to the general" cropping up again recently, after being out of circulation since May 18, 1939 (and we love this particular cliché all the more perhaps because we know a chap who got a D.S.O. for getting caviare to the general in 1917).

As for Hamlet's word "general," meaning "the general public," it isn't Shakespeare's as the boys always say it is. Brantôme tells a story a generation before about Françoise d'Estrées going into a room at the Louvre one day and Marguerite of Savoy saying: "Here comes the captain's sweetie!" (*la garce du capitaine*). To which Mlle. d'Estrées replied: "I'd rather be the captain's sweetie, Madam, than the general's," a retort which did that girl no good, maybe, but showed she had a quick wit. Do you care? No? Dear Heaven, we've failed again.

D. B. Wyndham Lewis



"Personally, I cook mine in fat!"

Pictures in the Fire

By "Sabretache"

A Pat on the Neck!

BEING just about as tired of being told that we are "a brave people" as we are of the mud-slinging of a section of the guttersnipe Press, this friendly pat on the neck from the gracious lady who is now our guest hits us where we live. There was once upon a time, in those dark ages when British cavalry existed, a word of command which said: "Make much of your horses!"; and then you heard the "one-one-two" of the pats on the offside of the neck all down the line. It made up for all the bucketing about that the old skins had had, for, as a rule, it preceded the command "Dismount," and the inspection of any damages, cast shoes, over-reaches and so forth, which the previous operations might have brought about. It smoothed and it soothed. This is how I like to think of Mrs. Roosevelt's kindly visit, of the perils of which we do not need to be told. We can take the rough without wincing: it is not so easy to take the smooth.

In Other Words . . .

BUT for its resistance, this world of ours might have been lost for a thousand years, and another Dark Age might have settled down on the spirit of man."

In other words: never in the history of mankind has so much been owed by so many to so few. It is as well that someone who once fought against us, like the gallant soldier he is, should have spoken the words quoted above, because we would rather have had our tongues torn out by the roots than say them for ourselves. Field-Marshal Smuts spoke no more than the naked truth. It is also true to say that, but for John Bull-dog, there would now be no war left to fight.

The Secretive Owner

Is it not about time that we ceased to act like that very well-known creature, the owner who, knowing that his horse has a chance second to none, says: "I'm only having a small bet each way myself, as I wasn't satisfied with his last gallop, and, between you and me, he never ate up last night—and he's rather favouring that leg since he jarred it! Of course,

I've told my jockey to win if he can, but not to knock him about!"

If this were translated into plain, straightforward English, it would read: "He's simply bucking fit! You go and help yourself to as much as you like, and get another two ponies on for me! He'll win with his mouth open!"

But, because we are so afraid of being accused of that horrible thing called "swank," and of showing-off, we . . .!

Communications

A CORRESPONDENT in that not-so-green isle on the other side of the Irish Sea writes to me almost in reproof, and says that, although it is a case of racing (and most other things, too, so I gather) as usual, communications are so difficult that no one can get anywhere! I have no doubt that they are difficult, and that people may have to hack to the trysts of the Meath and Kildares, and other famous packs elsewhere, but, purposely misunderstanding him, I would suggest that, in other ways, "communications" are not quite so difficult, and that if they were, fewer Allied lives would be lost. The American forces in the North have complained that they are ringed with spies; someone not unconnected with an official organisation, whose journey to Dublin's fair city was supposed to be quite hush-hush, told me that the place was crawling with them, as why should it not be, with a Hun ministry in the Phoenix, and that you could not have a drink in the most famous of the city's caravanserais without finding yourself beset by Teutons. I do not see how it can be otherwise so long as Eire is a species of Tom Tiddler's ground for enemy agents. I do not know whether they are as plentiful as they are in Lisbon, but it would be surprising if the enemy had neglected any chance.

Commiseration

IF, indeed, the motor-car is so scarce in Ireland that the inhabitants are being driven back to what is called variously an outside, or jaunting car, then every Englishman with a feeling heart will be full of sympathy, even though the conveyance is far easier on the Irishman than it is on any foreigner. The Irish have such



A Flying Admiral

Rear-Admiral M. W. S. Boucher, D.S.O., late of the Royal Navy, qualified as an air pilot in 1921. He is now chief of the Northern Air Transport Auxiliary, and is the only British Flag Officer flying all types of Service aircraft. Admiral Boucher commanded H.M.S. *Courageous* from 1935 to 1937.

marvellous balance on and off a horse that the vehicles are no trouble at all to them. The "foreigner," however, feels that they are specially designed to chuck him off the moment they have got him on, and ere now has thought of them as the get-outside car, and found that very difficult, even when the reins do not break or the horse takes a fancy for going out off the road over one of the banks for which that Land of Charm and Enchantment is so greatly famed. In my travels over this earth, I have only met one thing that taxes the ingenuity of the passenger more than does an Irish jaunting-car, and that is the Indian jolting-car called an *ekka*. It has no inside at all, but is just a bit of board on top of usually very crazy wheels, and it has no springs. It is only used (by *homo sapiens*) in an emergency, such as total loss of horse in the pursuit of *sus ferox*, when the elephant with the drink and the rest of the hunting-party, seem to have vanished into the hot and dusty air. The *ekka*, as I visualise things, can only have been invented as an instrument of torture, and I believe must date back to the times of Alexander the Great, King Porus, and the Battle of Bucephalus.

The Good "Ould" Days

THERE was, and maybe there still is, one thing worse in Ireland than the "chuck you-out" car, and that was, or is, the flea-bitten on four wheels called a fly. It used to exist to transport seasick voyagers from Kingstown



A Light A.-A. Regiment in Camp

Front row: 2nd Lts. M. N. Williamson-Noble, P. F. G. Barry, G. Mosely, M. Wilkinson, Capt. M. I. Drake, G. D. D. Willcock, Majors I. P. Lindset-Renton, P. B. Walker, R. Gunn, the Commanding Officer, Capt. C. Bell (Adjutant), Lt. (Q.-M.) L. Standen, Major D. N. Moore, Capt. B. B. Thomas, 2nd Lts. Briscoe, B. S. Moore, D. Lloyd, E. F. T. Nightingale. Middle row: 2nd Lts. W. G. Lewis, J. M. Fison, F. B. Jarvis, R. B. H. Page, G. S. How, W. Noble, S. Fox, I. M. C. Braby, W. J. Pepper, Lt. A. H. Meikle, 2nd Lt. A. R. Binfield, Lt. C. D. Irvine, 2nd Lt. R. S. Dixon. Back row: 2nd Lt. R. H. N. Simkin, Lt. I. I. MacAlpine, 2nd Lts. D. E. Jameson, J. Spence, B. G. Walker, A. L. Ivins, D. R. Westley, J. C. Guest



An Airman's Wedding

Sergeant Eric J. Filby, R.A.F.V.R., the former international lawn tennis and table tennis player, was recently married to Miss Marie Herring Goodyear, daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. R. A. Goodyear, at St. Catherine's Church, Plymouth

harbour or the North Wall, to the heart of the city. There is a fairly good yarn about this vehicle and a French passenger. His box, or portmanteau, was piled on the roof, he himself was boxed inside, and off they went, bumpety-bump, in a haze of profanity directed at the animal between the shafts, who, after first refusing to start at all, went off with a flying jump as if a wasp had stung him under the tail. They had not gone far, when the son of Nimshi pulled up and banged on the window with the butt of his whip. "Mossoo," says he, "Mossoo, I want to ask ye a question?" "Mais volons, mon vieux! Qu'est que s'agit?" said he. "Mossoo, phwat's the Frinche for tonight?" "Lost?" "Mais perdu!" "Well," says the coachman, "your bloudie ould box is airdoo!" Happy days! Happy days!

English Jumpers for Ireland?

FOLLOWING a recent note in these pages suggesting that it would be more profitable to send our out-of-work steeplechase horses were sent over to Ireland to try to earn their keep, than to have them here eating their heads off, I note that the stewards of the Irish National Hunt would welcome an invasion. The only problem as adventured in the previous note was transport, and the necessary permit from the authorities on this side. The fact that English horses have little knowledge of Irish fences need not worry anyone, because at many Irish

courses, and certainly at Fairyhouse, where the Irish Grand National is run, any "foreigner" need not believe that he will have to face the Irish banks and ditches to the exclusion of all else. At Fairyhouse the old course, which is outside the altered one with its ordinary steeplechase fences, is still in fighting trim and just as formidable as ever. The Irish N.H. stewards felt that a race of the importance of their Grand National, and also of their Maiden Steeplechase, should be open to all comers, and that if it were run over the natural banks and ditches, of which English horses are apt to make a considerable mess until they get used to them, it would rather curtail the interest. This was a very considerate and a very sporting action, and the stewards, of course, knew that an English horse is nothing like as adaptable as an Irish one: witness the way their horses jump Aintree, and the high percentage of wins which they have over that formidable course. Personally, I have always found that an Irish four-year-old hunter knows more than an English one double his age and experience. They are so clever, and will rarely get you into trouble if you leave them alone, and are not so conceited as to imagine that you can teach them their job. Look how quickly they learn to jump timber, a thing they hardly ever see in their own land. They have the brains to jump a gap mended with an old bedstead or a bit of an out-of-work telegraph-pole. An English horse probably would look at them three times and then say: "No, thank you!" but an Irishman won't. He takes in the situation in a flash, and does the necessary without any fuss or bother.

Jolly Fighting Weather

IF they had hand-picked it, they could not have had nicer weather for the Rub-Out-Rommel Stakes. At this time of year, the air is like good champagne, without any of the after effects of the actual: bright sun by day, cold at night; and it makes everybody feel as if he could push a tank over. It is rather like Northern India in the cold weather, and if anyone can name anything better than that, I should be surprised. I do not know for sure whether they get morning frosts in Northern Africa, and I am almost sure that they do not in Cairo; but in the Aldershot of India (Rawal Pindi) you will find ice in the ruts on the roads and in the ditches until well after the sun is over the masthead, and a good roaring fire of a night-time is very comforting. Even in Lucknow, which is much farther south, it can be extremely cold on that race-course in the dewy dawn, and at night it is quite nice to bed down under all the blankets and eiderdowns. In Calcutta, again farther south, it can be distinctly nippy in the early morning.



Mrs. Francis Ricardo and Her Dog

The wife of Major Francis Ricardo, the well-known golfer, and former Attaché at the British Embassy in Lisbon, herself played international golf in the French ladies' team before the war. Her husband is now in the Middle East, and they have a son, aged three



Pooler, Dublin

The Cyril McCormacks and Carol Ann

Lt. Cyril McCormack and his wife and daughter were photographed at Salmon Pool House, near Dublin, which they rent from Mr. French Davis. Lt. McCormack, who is in the Eire Army, is the only son of Count John McCormack, the famous tenor, and married a daughter of the late Capt. E. W. L. Eccles, of Dunderbury Park, Co. Meath



The New Zealand R.A.F. Rugby Team Beat Guy's Hospital at Honor Oak Park

The New Zealand R.A.F. XV. had a surprising victory over Guy's Hospital by 11 points to none. They had one original "All Black" in Macdonald. Sitting: P. Tate, D. S. Hart, Mr. W. J. Jordan (High Commissioner for New Zealand), P/O. Eric Grant (captain), C. Saunderscock, L. Dustin, J. D. M. Macdonald. Back row: H. G. Lathwell, E. Gray, T. Blomfield, E. Lewin, R. G. Smith, A. Matheson, A. Airman A. L. Brown, Sub-Lt. A. N. Lawrence, P/O. Emery. In front: G. Stevens, J. M. Me



D. R. Stuart

Guy's Hospital, after winning the first three matches of their new season, went down to the black shirts of the New Zealand R.A.F. at Honor Oak Park. Sitting: A. G. Albers, A. B. Lee (secretary), W. D. Doherty (vice-president of Guy's Rugby Football Club), D. M. Strathie (captain), B. H. Wilshire, M. R. Mullins, T. L. T. Lewis. Back row: D. R. Edwards, J. B. Kyle, G. F. Sienn, W. H. Lillywhite, R. G. L. Brittain, C. Vidot, H. G. Lathwell (referee), A. S. Carruthers, P. L. Brangwin, R. D. Willcock

With Silent Friends

By Elizabeth Bowen

The Daily Round

EVIDENTLY it takes a critic to know how silly other critics can be. By this I do not, of course, mean that there are tricks of the trade that any other practitioner can see through. It is more, perhaps, that this race is prone to intellectual rages, and that critics will, on almost any occasion, go for each other like stags. Mr. James Agate does not, apparently, put the matter even so high as this: he does not object to exhibitions of temper, but feels that some (though not all) of his fellows either lack intellect or neglect to use what little they have.

There is also, of course, the question of prejudice, and of complicated hostilities between coteries. Only those lucky enough to belong to the world of the arts can have any idea how virulent these can be. Mr. Agate, for—to my mind—obvious reasons, belongs to no coterie. (As a matter of fact, I have never met anyone who would admit they did, but in this case here is a man who quite unmistakably does *not*.) But he seems, from the evidence of *Ego 5* (Harrap; 18s.) to have got across quite a number of little groups on his own account, and without adventitious aid. It will not be his fault if this present delightful book occasions further stupidity from reviewers. The following is its final paragraph.

I suggest that my critics should use their brains—once in a wee while does nobody any harm—and judge what I write by the rule of what I attempt, and not by something they would have preferred that I should attempt. What, then, is *Ego 5*? It is a record of the intellectual life of one moving in a circle of writers, journalists, theatre-folk and musicians in the second and third years of this present war, of the letters he received and of the good things he heard.

Ego 5 is just this—and what more do you want? It begins on July 28th, 1940, and ends on August 3rd, 1942. It covers some months of painful exile in Oxford—that “vile city”—but was otherwise written from the Villa Volpone, Swiss Cottage. Its form and nature will be familiar to readers of *Egos 4, 3, 2* and the original *Ego*, tout simple. (None of these works is to be confused with that still other *Ego*, his favourite horse.) Of *Ego 5* it is surely enough to say that Mr. Agate's shadow does not grow less. There is not a page of it that does not offer something exciting, provocative, challenging, so that the reader is simultaneously pleased and dazed. He will also be impressed by the wide scope offered by living the intellectual life.

Egotists of Mr. Agate's high type are rare: very few human beings can make this grade, or are entitled to this special authority. The negative selfish person, the misfit or the tediously self-explanatory “individualist,” stop a long way below it—for one thing, each of these minor types is, in its own way, dependent on other

people, if only to make the occasions from which they suffer. Mr. Agate, clearly, is dependent on no one. As one who shoulders the weight of his own personality, he reserves the freedom to throw this weight about. Like one of those furnaces that can burn anything, he consumes the widely-various subjects that interest him: when, from day to day down the pages of *Ego 5*, the top of the furnace is opened for re-stoking, one finds oneself almost intimidated by the expectant interior roar.

It is rare, again, to meet someone—and, most of all, a writer—whose view of himself seems coloured by no emotion whatever. Introspection, that highly emotional process, in *Ego 5* occupies no space. And self-explanation is, also, pleasantly missing, Mr. Agate being entitled to feel by now that the public know him. As, however, a great deal of his power comes from being not static, constantly on the move, he can still be struck by things about himself that are either new or had not been noticed before. The fact is that no notable egotist is ever out of relation with current events, or with people; his contacts will always be positive, and of a sharpness that sends the sparks flying. Each spark is a new idea or opinion. So is self-knowledge constantly added to. And cuttings, literature, letters from other people (all these on view in the *Egos*) have played their part. See, for instance, the entry for February 8th, 1941:

Came across this witty thing from the *Saturday Review* in its palmy days of fifty years ago. It is said of some legal luminary that he “had all the qualifications of a great judge—he was slow, he was



Nancy Sandys Walker

Mrs. Peter de Polnay

The wife of the Hungarian-born author of “*Death and Tomorrow*” (recently reviewed in “*The Tatler*”) is herself an artist of note. Her pictures were shown in Paris in 1939, and she designed the jacket for her husband's latest book. A daughter of the late Sir Reginald Mitchell Banks, she married Mr. de Polnay in June. He is in the Pioneer Corps

courteous, he was wrong.” This is the opposite of me, who am rapid, rude and right.

One of Mr. Alan Dent's Press notices of *The Man Who Came to Dinner* has also been quoted as being far from irrelevant.

Mr. Agate does not write up his day-to-day experience, during two years of war. Draughts,

damp, delays, walks to railway stations, unaccommodating persons, financial crises and irregular meals play as great a part in his life as they do in ours. He troubles us, however, with no dull hour not capable of being ruthlessly analysed. May I also commend his post-mortems on wasted time? Some audiences to whom he has been called to speak may tremble for the appearance of the next *Ego*. In the main, Mr. Agate takes the war as a challenge to the individual power of living life. He has also found, in the war-time Press, some dozens of gems of human fatuity with which to enrich further the pages of *Ego 5*. He not only knows well, but indicates to us just where, the amateur critic of the conduct of a world war gets off—or should. His own from-time-to-time war commentary is thrown off with a casualness, a profession of idiosyncrasy, that does not conceal its extremely sound common sense.

Mr. Agate has, one learns from his correspondence, been called to order on a number of scores—for the levity of his attitude to the modern novel (Sir Hugh Walpole), for his lack of sympathy for the obscure poet (an obscure poet), for going on and on about Sarah Bernhardt and for writing for English readers

(Concluded on page 152)

CARAVAN CAUSERIE

THINKING of the cold, fireless days ahead and gazing some-

what mournfully at my few remaining clothing coupons, I try to find consolation in the fact that all the Wrens have blossomed out into new hats! From time to time, too, we hear of changes in buttons, collars, pockets—sartorial improvements of all kinds in this and that uniform. While I am considering whether I shall keep my back warm this winter or my feet, I like to imagine the Government Department which must be kept so busy thinking out all these new changes of costume, or, at any rate, their modifications. And, since eventually I shall have to do my bit to foot the bill, I must congratulate those designers of embroidered regimental identifications on their ingenuity, which adds such a lustre of mental speculation to a ride in a bus or train with soldiers.

Nevertheless, those who arrange and rearrange uniforms in the Women's Services have, up to the moment, had more than a touch of Whitehall slowness. It has taken them three years of war to realise, for example, that any hat which a woman can't tilt definitely lowers her morale. Nor, so far, have they surpassed the “gaiety” of the Women's Fire Service. While, so to speak, the aspect of other Units is still a trifle on the “Ibsen” side, the W.F.S. is definitely “Cochran.” Which perhaps explains why you always see a member of the W.F.S. walking either with another W.F.S. girl—or alone. For colourful *chic*, even a Commandant of the Red Cross in full regalia can't stand up to her.

By Richard King

Nevertheless, a rival to this smartness has made her appearance; though

what side of the Fighting Forces she represents I am as yet unaware. But her French-grey costume and sky-blue blouse are definitely decorative. I think it must represent the beginning of something, but, as yet, I do not know. That perplexity, I suppose, is the one and only charm of this war—one is always running after somebody to find out what point of valour he, or she, represents. And nobody seems to hold the complete key. Thank goodness, therefore, a Polish officer can still be recognised from afar!

Moreover, though I confess it with a sense of patriotic shame, is it not easy to mistake the new Discharge Badge, once having realised that it isn't some Flower Show emblem. However, let us all be thankful that this Government Department which is perpetually thinking out fresh designs has added the only touch of colour to a drab war. Nevertheless, speaking personally, I wish they had spent a few more sleepless nights pondering over Fire Watchers' helmets. My own presents two insoluble problems. The first is how to make it cease from wobbling; the second—what on earth to do with it after the war? Perhaps we shall be expected to hang them up in the hall as trophies, since their brim precludes their more obvious destiny as pudding-basins. Even so, some misguided grandchild might ask us to put them on! And to have our nights of valour end in family laughter would make cowards of us all!

Getting Married

The "Tatler and Bystander's" Review of Weddings



Pollock — Uzielli *F. B. Barker*

Lieut. Martin Pollock, R.N.V.R., eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Pollock, of St. Just, Northau, Heris, married Valentine Uzielli, daughter of the late V. L. D. Uzielli, and Mrs. Uzielli, of 38, Wynnstay Gardens, at All Saints', Ennismore Gardens



Yorke Wood — Edwards *L. D. Frisby*

Lieut. Gordon Attwood Yorke Wood, R.N.V.R., son of Mr. and Mrs. Yorke Wood, of Bristol, and Ruth Aldington Edwards, daughter of Alderman and Mrs. A. H. Edwards, of Dorchester, were married at Stinsforth Church, near Dorchester



Dawson — Hone

Commander Patrick F. M. Dawson, R.N., and Helen St. Clair Hone were married at Godalming Parish Church. The bride is the daughter of Canon H. E. Hone, of Godalming, who officiated at the ceremony, and of Mrs. Hone



Watkins — Chudleigh

Lieut. Norman A. Watkins, R.N.V.R., son of Mr. W. Watkins, of Belcombe Court, Bradford-on-Avon, and the late Mrs. Watkins, married Yvonne Daphne Chudleigh, daughter of Capt. and Mrs. C. A. E. Chudleigh, of Bude, Cornwall, at St. George's, Hanover Square



Hogg — Logan

Captain D. Ogilvie Hogg, K.O.S.B., of Roxburgh, son of Mr. G. Hogg, of London, married Jean M. Logan, daughter of Mrs. Logan, of 108, Hages Road, Maxwell Park, Glasgow, at Trinity Church, Pollokshields



Rowlandson — Callway

Lieut. Norman Francis Rowlandson, The Buffs, son of Mr. and Mrs. H. S. Rowlandson, of Claremont, Enfield, and Margaret Joan Callway, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Callway, of Costello Avenue, Putney, were married at St. John's, Putney



Vernon Miller — Livingstone-Learmonth

Major J. C. Vernon Miller, 8th King's Royal Irish Hussars, son of Col. and the late Mrs. B. M. Vernon, of Bicknoller, Somerset, married Christian Livingstone-Learmonth, daughter of the late Capt. M. J. Livingstone-Learmonth, and Mrs. Livingstone-Learmonth, of Armscote Manor, Stratford-on-Avon, at the Savoy Chapel



Kaye — Hurtle

David Kaye, son of Sir Gordon Kaye, Bt., and Lady Kaye, of Grice Hall, Shelley, Yorkshire, married Elizabeth Hurtle, only daughter of Captain and Mrs. Malcolm Hurtle, of Baynards Manor, Horsham, Sussex, at St. Mary Abbots, Kensington



Gabbett — Asser

Major Robert Edward Gabbett, R.E., son of the late Edward Gabbett, and Mrs. Gabbett, of Ballaghobin, Callan Co. Kilkenny, married Ann Henrietta Westwood Asser, daughter of Brigadier-General and Mrs. Verney Asser, of Lodswoth, Petworth, Sussex, at the Savoy Chapel

ON AND OFF DUTY

(Continued from page 138)

Christie, who is now a prisoner of war, in 1939. Lady Jean had a very worrying time, as her husband was posted as missing, and it was some months before she heard he was a prisoner. Her husband also comes from Yorkshire; he is the only son of William Christie, J.P., of Jervaulx Abbey, Ripon, and brother of Betty Lady Mountgarret.

The Hon. Mrs. Ian Lyle, wife of Sir Archibald Lyle's son and heir, has chosen the job of "Nanny" for her war work! And a very sensible and important form of war work, too. She has had no Nanny for eighteen months, and looks after her two children, Lorna and Gavin, entirely herself. Gavin, who is just a year old, she has brought up from a month old; he is a lovely baby, and in looks very like his father. Lorna, who is three and a half, is much more like her mother's family: in fact, at the moment she is very like her "Granny," Mrs. Wessel, who will always be remembered as the lovely Denise Orme. Mrs. Lyle has left her home in Cheshire since her husband went overseas with his regiment, and is now living with her mother in Sussex. Her youngest sister, Lady Cadogan, and her three children are also living there, so it is quite a family party. Captain Lyle, who is in a famous Scottish regiment, is a very fine rackets player and golfer; he got a "Blue" for both games. Like his father, he is also a very fine shot. His younger brother, Michael, was married to the younger daughter of the Air Minister, Sir Archibald Sinclair, this summer. Captain Lyle's only sister is married to the Earl of Glasgow's heir, Viscount Kelburn, who is serving in the Royal Navy, and has been, amongst other trips, to Russia on convoy duty. Lady Kelburn, with her little son and daughter, is living with her parents, Sir Archibald and Lady Lyle, at their home in Perthshire while her husband is serving.

"The Little Foxes"

SO-CALLED "dress rehearsals" for this much-anticipated production spanned the week in a glittering conglomeration. At the matinée on the Tuesday before it opened, stage stars were so thick in the seats that a bomb would have wiped out pretty well the whole of The Profession, or anyway, that stratum of it familiar to the public eye. Names at random include Dame Violet and Miss Irene Vanbrugh, faultless grey coiffes unhatted; Miss Vivien Leigh in her favourite sort of hat, black hangings behind forming a backcloth for her little pointed face; fascinating Miss Kay Hammond, talking in that plummy voice to Miss Dorothy Dickson, both blonde and hatless; Mr. John Gielgud and Miss Edith Evans representing *The Importance of Being Earnest*—her Lady Bracknell epitomises the ship-in-full-sail quality of dowagers throughout the richest and most artificial social epoch; Mr. Cyril Ritchard, from the same firmament of a cast, with his wife, Miss Madge Elliott, in a big white turban; Mr. Hugh Sinclair, strolling in, the same likeable and attractive person off as on; Miss Ursula Jeans and her husband, Mr. Roger Livesey, talking to Miss Viola Johnstone and her mother, Mrs. Johnstone; Miss Marjorie Brooks, with short, virile blonde hair, representing the merry rough-and-tumble of *Night of the Garter*; and so on, the current theatre list in the flesh, responding with more than professional generosity to the excellently produced and acted presentation of the famous play-novel-film, with Fay Compton as convincingly snake-like as could be, and well suited by the 1900 clothes, Aunt Birdie, tragic, wistful and twittering in the shape of Mary Merrall, and so through a consistently first-class list.



Guests of the L.C.C.

Colonel Oveta Culp Hobby, Director of the American Women's Army Auxiliary Corps, Major-General R. P. Hartle, G.O.C. American Troops in Ireland, and Lady Reading, head of the W.V.S., were guests at a lunch in honour of Mrs. Roosevelt, given by the L.C.C. Mrs. Hobby, who flew to Britain with Mrs. Roosevelt, has come to see the work that our Women's Services are doing

WITH SILENT FRIENDS

(Continued from page 150)

in French. As far as I am concerned, the first matter I cannot discuss with tact, the second is completely outside my province, the third no doubt arises from fault in those who were stupid enough to fail to see Bernhardt act or unlucky enough to be born after her death—and, as for the fourth, if the English do not know French, they *should*.

An Old Chap

MR JOYCE CARY, one of our most valuable novelists, gives, us, in *To Be a Pilgrim* (Michael Joseph; 10s. 6d.), what he describes as his most ambitious novel so far. You will, I hope, remember *Herself Surprised*, the self-told story of Mrs. Sarah Jimson, that fine soul, good cook and generous lover, who, on the eve of her marriage to Mr. Wilcher, is packed off to gaol for a series of peccadilloes she had never regarded as thefts at all. *To Be a Pilgrim* picks up Mr. Wilcher's story from the closing point of *Herself Surprised*. It is he who speaks. His family, who had torn Mrs. Jimson from him, now do all they can to discredit his sanity. Pending any further development, and always under the threat of being "shut up," he is placed in charge of a niece, the cold, academic Ann—who is qualified for this by being a doctor—and removed by Ann to the country house that had been his childhood's home.

Mr. Wilcher regards the time ahead of him as a vigil, pending Sarah's release from prison. His fixed idea is, always, to marry her: in this his nieces and nephews are enemies. He is not only repelled by their calculations, but sees them as blind to God and opposed to life.

Tom Wilcher, whom we saw first through Mrs. Jimson's eyes, interpreted only in her idiom (which was maternal, humble, tender and realistic), now emerges as an extraordinary character—a mystic, a man of business, a buried child, the one clear-headed member of a difficult family, an ascetic with an idealisation of sex, a ratepayer who annoys women in parks. Is Mr. Wilcher mad? (Was Hamlet mad?) Is he senile, or does his self-recorded behaviour show the frightening rationality of the young? The attempt to keep the question, throughout a long novel, open, was, I take it, what Mr. Cary meant by ambitiousness. The attempt succeeds: the question is kept open, maintaining a curious troubled pleasure, at times something approaching a semi-madness, in one's own mind, as one reads from page to page.

In addition, the book succeeds in sustaining its big human pattern and complex time-plan—for Mr. Wilcher, having been brought by force to Tolbrook, the (for him) haunted family house "near Dartmoor," is living in past and present concurrently. The dominating characters in his drama are not his niece, Ann, and his nephew, Robert (who, upon meeting at Tolbrook, have become uncouth lovers), but his brothers and sister, now all dead.

The intensity of the long-past childhood does not slacken—in fact, continues to tighten—its grip on the puzzled and ageing man. Brilliant Edward, solid Bill and tempestuous Lucy are watched through their middle years, their decline. The depth of the Wilcher family atmosphere, as registered by the one survivor's queer senses, becomes frightening. These people were born to a doom; they were never free. Again, a question comes up—were Edward, Bill, Lucy like this really, or do we but see their reflections in the distorting mirror that feverish memory provides?

On the surface, the lives of these children of a country gentleman were—with the exception of Lucy's—ordinary enough. Edward (who, late in life, became the father of Anne) was a brilliant, if unstable, politician, with a career indented with money and woman trouble. Bill was a straightforward, whole-hearted soldier who concluded his courtship in two days, remained faithful to Amy, true to his brothers and sisters, and died poor but content. These two would not be so interesting if they ever departed from conventionality: it is their very ordinariness that offers the stuff for Tom's mystic analysis. Lucy, whose outward conduct is stranger—the spoiled beauty eloped with an itinerant preacher and espoused the awful sect of the Benjaminites, punctuating her sayings with "Hallelujah!"—seems to appear to Tom less inexplicable. The parents remain enigmatic, but at a greater distance: they have been less excitably touched in.

Tom Wilcher's pervasive and innocent sex-obsession gives colour to the relationships in the story—Edward's with Julie Eeles (who later becomes Tom's mistress), Bill's with the dauntless Amy—a magnificent character—Lucy's with her fanatical mate.

Tom is, or sees himself, as one of those negative characters who are, somehow, always present and always deeply involved in every family scene. Or, if any scene happens "off," it reaches him by bush-telephone. He translates, for instance, Amy's account of how she gave birth to her second child in a train. And he knows, by instinct, the unseen as well as seen phases of the decay of the once-lovely and subtle Julie.

This is, in fact, a tale of change and decay all through—and yet, somehow, its effect is inspiring, because Mr. Cary, in the person of Tom Wilcher, believes in the majesty of the human soul. Unconventionally, this is one of the most religious, and therefore impressive, English novels that I have ever read. It seems to measure frailty in the light of grace. How, by the end, can I give a general idea of it? It is as though the *Forsyte Saga* had been rewritten by an English relation of Dostoevsky's.

The modern scene (with its bleakness to old Tom's eye) has a quality strong as that of the finished years. Robert installs, and sets working, his threshing-machine in the great empty Adam drawing-room of Tolbrook.



*Quality
Tells*

V
A
T
69

Sanderson's LUXURY BLEND SCOTCH WHISKY



It may come as a surprise to many that mackintoshes are included in the regulations laid down by the Board of Trade. Up to the present no embargo is laid upon colour. A true Utility Mac from Swan and Edgar, Piccadilly, is seen above: it is a pleasing study in black and grey, and, as will be seen, it is loose fitting, hence it may be worn over practically any garment without crushing it. Now a few words must be said about the "candy"-striped models, which are rather heavier and are of the Austerity character. Many of the models are reinforced with hoods which are flattering as well as useful. It seems almost unnecessary to add that they protect the hair from the onslaughts of the weather. The double-texture coats have many representatives; they are destined for hard wear, hence they represent excellent coupon value. In another department, wet-weather garments for children are displayed; there is no doubt about it that they will be indispensable during the coming months

The last two or three decades have seen great changes in Knitwear even a hurried visit to Debenhams and Freebody, Wigmore Street will convince everyone of this fact. They are responsible for the coat and skirt above. Note how well it fits the figure, the good shoulders and practical pockets. A strong point in its favour is that it never sags and looks well unto the end. There is a splendid assortment of these suits in cheerful as well as pastel colourings and the needs of the younger as well as the older women have received attention. Too much cannot be said in favour of the cardigans reinforced with detachable hoods; the sleeves are long and the necks high. Cardigans and twin sets have very important roles to play. There is nothing that is so satisfactory in conquering that chill that is so often felt indoors during the winter. Again, there are decorative wool boleros in fancy stitches. Doubtless they will be worn with informal evening dresses. Their decorative value is really a matter of colour



THE HIGHWAY OF FASHION

BY M. E. BROOKE

Great is the beauty of the materials used by Fortnum and Mason, Piccadilly, for their wrappers for convalescents and informal dinners. They are responsible for the one portrayed on the left; it is carried out in embossed velvet and the colour is of the palest bluebell shade imaginable. The cowl or hood is adjustable, and there are many ways in which it may be varied. Of course, the skirt portion may be shortened, and so may the sleeves. Then it can easily be worn over a woolly coat: this accessory is concealed from view. Then there are other models, which have been influenced by the modes of the Pompadour period, in corded moire and other fabrics of a similar character. The cassock dressing-gown is here to be seen. It is expressed in warm materials finished at the neck and wrists with neat, turnover collar and cuffs. Lingerie for the youthful bride has not been overlooked, as well as everything necessary for the trousseau. It is very simple, and in accordance with the regulations of the Board of Trade



What would you like for Christmas?
Oh, a Eugène wave, please!





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Elizabeth Arden is anxious, as always, to help the woman of to-day with her war-time beauty problems, but her Salon is strictly rationed and it is impossible to meet all the requests for preparations to be sent by post. Use your preparations sparingly—and remember that a visit to one of Elizabeth Arden's Salons will rest and invigorate you, will leave you charming and fresh—ready for your part in the war effort. For your Salon, see list below:

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BUBBLE AND SQUEAK

Stories from Everywhere

A MAN who is periodically arrested and fined for over-convivial behaviour in his native town recently got into similar trouble in London and was fined forty shillings.

"Your worship," he protested, "may I point out that at home I am fined only ten shillings for this offence?"

"You can hardly expect," replied the magistrate, "to have a London celebration at provincial prices."

"WHAT'S the first thing you do when you clean your rifle?" asked the corporal. "Well, sir," replied the recruit, "first I look at the number to be sure I'm not cleaning someone else's."

THE young reporter had been told over and over again that his stories were too long-winded and that he must cut to bare essentials. So his next story came out this way:—

"J. Smith looked up the shaft at the Palace Hotel this morning to see if the lift was on its way down. It was. Aged forty-five."



Tommy Trinder Takes the Singing Class

Tommy Trinder has been busy making a film with a special appeal for the Hospital for Sick Children, Great Ormond Street. It is called "It's Up To You!" and appeals for funds for this famous children's hospital so badly mutilated in the London blitz. Part of the film was made in the lovely gardens of the Tadworth branch of the Hospital, and Tommy is seen above teaching the children there to sing "The Smoke Goes Up the Chimney."

IT was four in the morning when the drunk, staggering into a cocktail bar, found a discarded newspaper on a table and looked at the advertisement columns. After reading one of the ads. he leaped up, dived for the exit, and took a cab at once to the address given in the advertisement. This turned out to be a large hotel. The drunk stood on the pavement outside and began to shout: "Cunningham! Cunningham!" until the entire neighbourhood was awake. At last a head emerged from a window.

"What in Heaven's name do you want?"

"You Professor Cunningham?" asked the inebriate.

"Yes, what about it?" snapped the other.

"You advertise for a companion to go with you on an exploring expedition to North Africa?"

"Yes."

"Well," hiccupped the drunk, "I just wanted to tell you I can't make it."

THE two travellers were discussing the careless manner in which trunks and suitcases are handled by some railway companies.

"I had a very cute idea for preventing that once," said one of them, smiling reminiscently. "I labelled each of my bags: 'With Care—China.'"

"And did that have any effect?" asked his companion.

"Well, I don't know—you see they shipped the whole darned lot to Hong Kong."

A NEGRO who had been exploring chicken coops heard that the sheriff was after him. Hastily he sought the railway station and asked for a ticket to the end of the line on the fastest train.

"Our fastest train left just five minutes ago," he was told.

"Well," gasped the would-be tourist, "jes' give me a ticket an' point out the track!"

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RADIO
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IF YOU
HEAR IT
LESS
OFTEN

Coming or Going

THESE has been speculation about whether the rear gunner of a bomber, firing directly backwards at a pursuing fighter, gains an advantage in hitting power and accuracy because he is firing down the slipstream of his own aeroplane and because the fighter is flying into his bullets. At the moment of writing these notes I am reserving judgment on the matter, but this much does appear; that if it be true that the tail gunner gains by firing down the slipstream, if the missile flung in a direction opposite to that of the flinger gains in hitting power and accuracy, then it would follow that throwers of javelins, putters of weights, casters of cricket balls and all such as throw things ought—as they make their cast—to run away from the target and not, as has hitherto been the universal custom, towards it!

We have also to notice that if the fighter pilots' bullets, firing directly forward "against" the slipstream, are for this reason reduced in accuracy and penetration, it will only be necessary to make a fighter go fast enough and it will hit itself with its own bullets.

In brief, although I reserve serious judgment on the problem, my lighter reflections on it tend to make me think that the tail gunner has no large or important advantage over the fighter pilot owing to the different directions of firing relative to the slipstreams.

Nature Noise

NOTES continue to appear in the more solemn journals about the flora of the bombed sites. All kinds of flowers are being reported as sprouting among the ruins. But among these nature jottings the other day I observed one which struck an altogether new note.

The writer had been observing a moth which had landed near him and was agitating its wings. He put his head close to it and then heard a sound which was described as closely resembling that of a distant single-engined fighter. It seems that the moth was making short, quick wing strokes and that the sound

AIR EDDIES

By Oliver Stewart

was a very close imitation, though in miniature, of a Spitfire, or suchlike. All of which leads one to think that a great advantage would be gained for many kinds of aircraft spotting if a really simple sound analyser could be devised.

Progress has been made in the measurement of sound volume and changes in sound volume; but the full analysis of sounds seems to resist easy instrumental interpretation.

Mosquito

FROM Moths to Mosquitoes is a predetermined transition. By the time these notes appear—indeed, only three or four days from when they are being written, I believe—the Air Ministry will have released details of the de Havilland Mosquito for publication.

It is the handsomest aircraft since the Spitfire. It has two Rolls-Royce Merlin engines, underslung, and the fuselage is the perfect shape, tapering away to a fine point with tail wheel fully retracting.

Now the name of the designer has been announced we should pay high tribute to de Havilland for having reproduced typical de Havilland form in designing and building an aircraft which carries to a logical conclusion an important tactical argument.

I have already said that the Mosquito is the best-looking aeroplane. It is also well reported on by pilots and can be flung about—in spite of being twin-engined—just like a smaller, single-engined fighter. It can be upward rolled and all the rest of it.

The Mosquito has made some spectacular raids on German positions in Holland and in Germany itself.

It is certainly one of the finest aircraft appear in this war.

Typhoon

MEANWHILE we await the removal of the Hawker Typhoon from the secret part publication list. At the time writing it is still forbidden to say more about this machine than that it is a single-engined, single-seater with Napier Sabre twenty-four cylinder engine.


Even so, I do think that the two new types show British aero engineering genius is as active as ever as effective. The Focke-Wulf 190 is a fine job, and is the Dornier 217. Their appearance in battle means many of us re-estimate, with some anxiety, our technical progress.

Much depended on the time it would take to get the new machines into action in numbers for all the evidence suggested that they would prove better machines. But it is an axiom of war that the good machine today is better than the better machine tomorrow.

Then the name of the Mosquito began to appear. It was a relief. For although most of who were familiar with what was going on behind the scenes were confident about the Mosquito, there were sometimes unexpected obstacles to putting a new type into service in the squadrons.

The air service specialists get at it and mess it about until it is but a shadow of its former self, with all its clean, central design aim knocked out of it. Fortunately, the specialists—who act with the best intentions in the world—have not spoiled the Mosquito, which appears in the squadrons almost as fine an aeroplane as when it left the works as a prototype.

And do not forget one other thing. The Schneider Trophy Races helped enormously to give us the Spitfire; the England-Australia Air Race for the MacRobertson Trophy of 1934 helped to give us the Mosquito. For the Mosquito shows that it deserves much of its merit from work done on the de Havilland Comet, which won that race.




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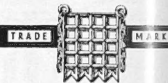
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